

The Reader

VOL. I

JANUARY, 1903

No. 3

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors Books and the Drama

NOTHING has pleased us more in connection with our magazine than the letters we have received from our readers, a few of which unfortunately were anonymous. We should like very much to know to whom we owe a very clever verse bearing the Cleveland post mark.

The majority of our correspondents have chosen for special comment our department of reviews, and we trust that the majority of our readers find this department of interest and value. We believe that in no other periodical are so many books reviewed in so individual a manner. A review bearing evidence of ignorance or prejudice is never knowingly printed in *THE READER*.

We invite our readers to submit manuscripts to us of articles concerning subjects of literary interest, and particularly do we invite stories of a special character in keeping with the rest of the magazine.

We have received a number of applications for special copies for framing of the portrait of Mr. Henry James, printed in our first number, and have

arranged to print a few separate copies of our most interesting portraits—the majority of which are exclusive to *THE READER*—which will be supplied free to our subscribers.

THE Cornhill Booklet is to be issued again by Mr. Alfred Bartlett, of Boston. But instead of being a series of reprints, it is now to contain original matter, and to be a quarterly instead of a monthly, as formerly.

THE method used by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls Company in advertising at least one of their late books may be "popular," but it is not dignified. The number of tramps who have been going about New York's streets carrying placards on standards were not things of beauty. Again, why do the publishers confuse the uninitiated reader by announcing that Mrs. Craigie's brilliant new novel, "Love and the Soul Hunters," is by John Oliver Hobbes? Unfortunately, not every American novel reader knows that the latter is Mrs. Craigie's pen name.

WE have had Marie Bashkirtseff; we are having *Marie MacLane*, and we shall have—probably about the first of February—a third human document, which, by all fore-runners of pronouncement, will prove the most tragic and pathetic of the trio. The first of these was silenced by unsought death; women of the second type are irrepressible—save by marriage—and Arthur Stirling, this latest to lay bare his soul's secrets, fared to "the valley of the shadow" by committing suicide in the twenty-second year of his age. In this act he showed a quality of courage which yet failed him to longer face the scorching sun of hot Despair over the long waste sands of Failure.

Some there be, among the unwritten documents, who, with similar experience but more resignation, remain to ever strive with the soft voice of un-success; others cry out against the injustice of life and, by their very plaint, wrung from them by strong suffering, flare to genius for the moment by the force of their rebelling, and are recognized. But when from the dust and ashes of defeated ambitions and all that was once corporeal of the victim, who struggled and soon loosed his grasp in bitterness, comes a voiceless cry of all the hopes that were his, as in this journal of Arthur Stirling, the pathos of the hopeless and irremediable supplies the element of human interest that may have lacked in his writings.

We are told by one to whom the dead author confided his journal that the success sought by the living will attend the dead, through these intimate confessions born of a tortured, self-centred temperament. But even publishers' predictions are not infallible, and his name may still be but an empty breath with the grave-chill upon it, and he shall dwell in the "Valley of the Shadow" forever—his valley of which he writes:

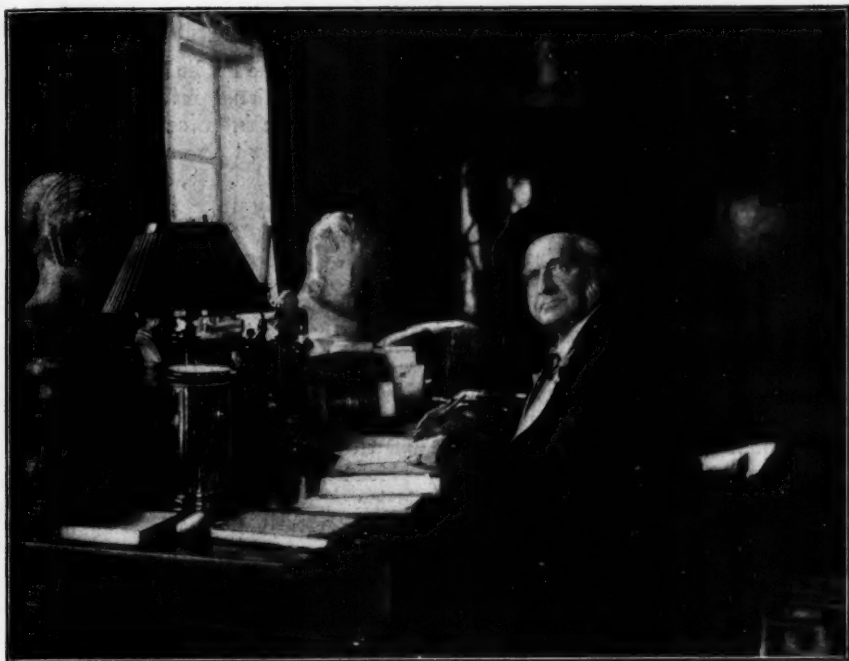
"Sometimes it is silent in my Valley, and the creatures sit in terror of their own voices; sometimes there are screams that pierce the sky; but there is never any answer in my Valley. There are quivering hands there, and racked limbs, and aching hearts, and panting souls. There is gasping struggle, glaring failure—maniac despair. For over my Valley rolls *The Shadow*, a giant thing, moving with the weight of mountains. And you stare at it, you feel it; you scream, you pray, you weep; you hold up your hands to your God, you grow mad; but the Shadow moves like Time, like the sun, and the planets in the sky. It rolls over you, and it rolls on; and then you cry out no more.

"It is that way in my Valley. The Shadow is the Shadow of Death."

The publishers who announce the book are Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, who have this month moved to their new offices, 372 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A MOST attractive collection of autograph letters, drawings, and interesting relics of Thackeray was recently sold in London by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge in connection with the library of the late Miss Georgina S. Hurt, which contained a valuable series of children's books, including a fine copy of "*Beauty and the Beast*," by Charles Lamb, in the original paper case.

The Thackeray collection was formerly the property of the late Miss Kate Perry and her sister, Mrs. Elliot, who were his intimate friends. One of these curious relics is a small sketch of a cupid, on which Thackeray has written: "I am free now for a little, as much as that miserable villain can be said to be free who is flogged night and day by a cruel tyrant who shall be nameless—and at my age, too, to be whipped so by a boy!"



BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON IN HIS LIBRARY

ON the 8th of December, 1902, the allotted term of man's life—three-score-and-ten full, rounded years—had passed to the glorious record of Björnsterne Björnson, dramatist, social theorist, orator, and greatest lyricist of the Norwegian nation. To his people he is that man of all living men most revered, loved, and believed in; as social theorist, he stands for the exponent of that right living, motivated by a boundless humanity and harmony of thought freed from superstition, which shall lead to the millennium of mankind. Of strong religious instincts, though antagonistic to form and creeds, he epitomizes the new thought movement of the age.

They are his own soul experiences which he has given to the world in the drama "Beyond Human Power," which, under censorship for fifteen years, was, finally, unbanned and the

first half presented on the stage by Mrs. Patrick Campbell last winter. The second part, in which some of the same characters figure, to carry out the logical sequence of the moral conveyed by the first, was to follow this winter, but Mrs. Campbell has abandoned this intention. No other drama of recent years has been received with equal claim abroad. "Auf Storhove," his latest dramatic work, will soon be presented; this Norwegian title being simply the name of a family estate.

Björnsterne Björnson became first known through translations of his peasant idylls, and many of his works have since been published in America by the Macmillan Company. The recent celebration of his anniversary, in which all the schools, universities, theatres, public institutions, and their following of Norway participated, lasted one week.

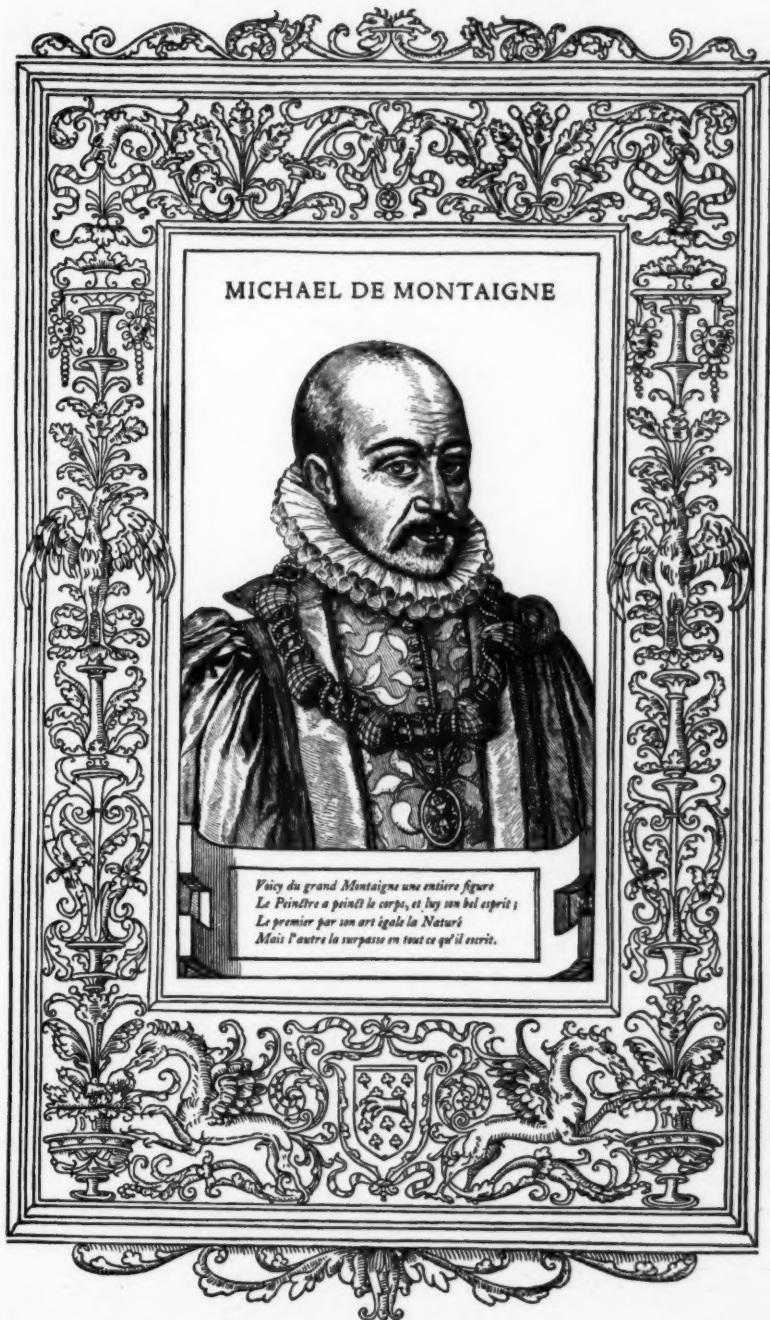
ON the opposite page we reproduce the frontispiece from the first volume of Houghton, Mifflin & Company's limited edition of "Montaigne's Essays," which will be ready for delivery to subscribers before Christmas. A more ambitious piece of bookmaking has never been attempted by an American firm, and we are glad to hear that already the edition is entirely subscribed for. In preparing the text the third edition of "Florio" (1632) has been taken as the basis, and collated with the first edition (1603). No changes have been made in the spelling or the language, except in the few instances where an unquestionable misprint is found in both of the above editions. The punctuation, however, has been freely revised, for the better elucidation of the text. There is no reason to believe that the punctuation of the early editions, which has been followed in the recent reprints, was the work of anyone except the printer; and in very many cases it sadly confuses, sometimes absolutely perverts, the author's meaning, and makes the reading of the Essays a difficult task.

The Notes will include: (1) References to Montaigne's authorities, whether directly acknowledged, hinted at, or unacknowledged. The notes of all the most important previous editors—Coste, Amaury-Duval, Naigeon, Lelerc, Johanneau, and Motheau and Jonaust—have been carefully examined, and verified by comparison with the originals; some few new references have been added. In this respect it is believed that this edition will be more complete than any previous one, whether in French or English. (2) Corrected readings of those passages which Florio translated erroneously or unintelligibly, and of a few which he omitted. For this purpose the editor has collated the latest reprint—that of Courbet and Royer—of the standard edition of 1595, with the four earlier

editions, and with Naigeon's reprint of the annotated copy of the edition of 1588, now in the Public Library at Bordeaux. Occasional reference is made to some of the interlineations in Montaigne's handwriting on the annotated copy mentioned above, which, for some reason not fully understood, the editors of 1595 failed to incorporate in their text. (3) Miscellaneous notes, relating to various matters connected with the composition of the Essays, and to those incidents in Montaigne's career which are referred to therein. The Notes will be illustrated by facsimilies of Montaigne's hand-writing, seals, and of title-pages of various books with which he had to do, including his translation of Raymond Sébond's "Natural Theology," which is the theme of the famous twelfth chapter of the second book of the Essays.

The Bibliography is based upon that published by Dr. J. F. Payen nearly seventy years ago, and has been brought down to date. An examination of Dr. Payen's extraordinary collection of French editions of Montaigne (said to contain a copy of every edition published previous to the collector's death), now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, showed that his bibliography, published when his collection was still in its infancy, is incomplete and, in some respects, inaccurate; the necessary additions and changes have been made from the original. The Bibliography also contains some particulars concerning the early editions of Florio's and Cotton's translations, and concerning the various portraits of Montaigne. It will be illustrated by reproductions of the title-pages of all the early editions, including that of the Bordeaux copy of 1588.

Volumes two and three will have as frontispieces portraits of Florio and of Mademoiselle de Gournay, Montaigne's *filie d'alliance*, and editor of the editions of 1595, 1598, and 1635.



OUT of Gloucester soil, silicious and unprolific in appearance, and forming a cold, white dust from its separated particles, spring flowers in unexpected profusion, as though innate to the atmosphere: children of this tone-coloring of cloud-tissue and sea-haze that floods the earth in this fishing hamlet whence come and go the fleets, freighted with the destinies of the fisher-folk whom James B. Connolly, whose portrait appears opposite, has interpreted to his reading public.

The superficial observer may find his lineaments and achievements as incongruous as flowers from out the Gloucester soil; indeed, the qualities and training that fit for athletic prowess to the degree of Olympian victorship seem far removed from those of marked intellectual attainment. Brawn of brain and muscle are rarely combined with the fine balancing found here, and this blending of power and perceptive faculty, in even proportion, is noticeable, dividing the upper from the lower portion of his face.

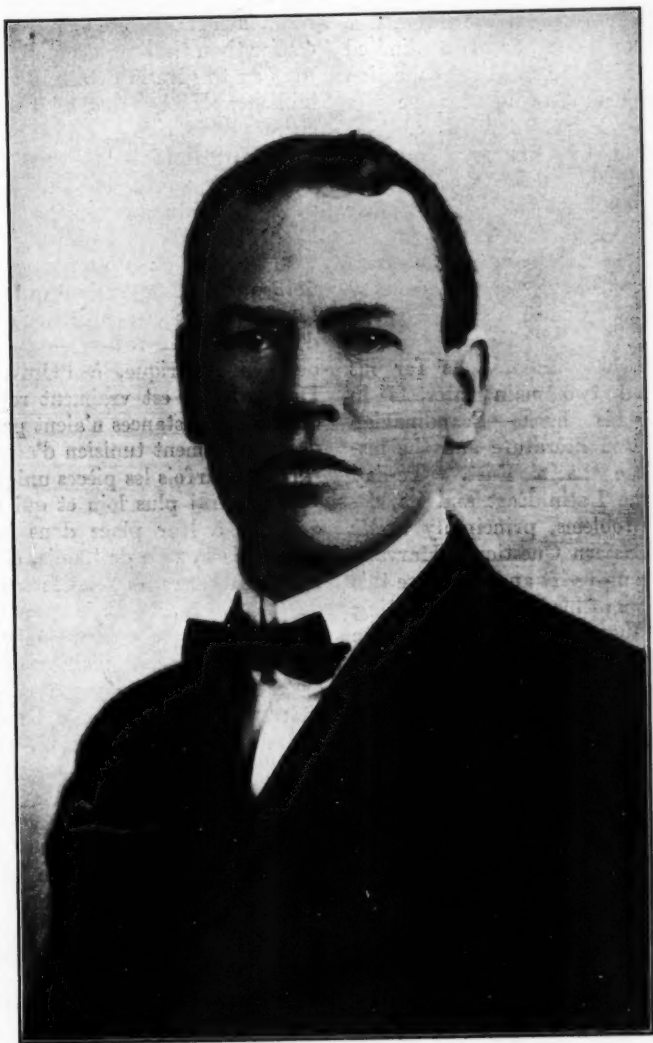
Said one who recently visited Gloucester: "I went to scoff at the exaggerated prominence it had assumed in the public eye, but I came away silenced. Purple and glow, and glory of coloring indescribable brood over this harbor of sheltered inlets formed by coast ramifications, like the fingers of an outstretched hand of stone, up-bearing on their tips the varied habitations of resident and summer bird of passage." And Mr. Connolly has arisen as a timely exponent of this rugged coast and its natives—they that dwell on water and on land, and go down to the deeps in tragic sleep without awakening.

IT is pleasant to hear that a publishing house has just been established for the purpose of giving beautiful and dignified form to the classics of English and American Literature. The

Scott-Thaw Co., of New York, will issue, this fall, a series of books entitled "The Wayside Books." It will consist of limited editions of well-known works, printed on hand-made paper and bound appropriately, to be issued so as to be within the reach of people with limited means. So far, the following books are announced: Lamb's "Essays," with biographical introduction of Charles Lamb, by Barry Cornwall, in two volumes; Walton's "Complete Angler"; White's "Natural History of Selborne"; Walton's "Lives"; "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," translated by George Long, with introductory essay by Matthew Arnold; and "Epictetus," translated by George Long, in two volumes. The size of the volumes is to be small 12mo, so that they may be easily portable for the pocket. The printing has been done by the famous Chiswick Press, of London. Other volumes for this series will be announced from time to time.

Mr. Temple Scott, who is well known as an authority on rare books and as the editor of the best edition, so far issued, of the works of Swift, has associated with him in this business Dr. Alexander Blair Thaw, a son of the late William Thaw, of Pittsburgh. Dr. Thaw also is a man of letters, and his volume of "Poems," published by John Lane, was received at the time of its publication, two years ago, as the striking production of a distinguished mind.

The Scott-Thaw Co. also announce reprints in large type of Browne's "Religio Medici" and the "Book of Job." These are the first volumes of a series for the study, which will include later A Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," "Confessions of St. Augustine," Emerson's "Conduct of Life," Coleridge's "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," and others. Each work will be limited in its edition to 500 copies, but of the first two only 150 copies remain for sale.



James B. Bennett

PROBABLY no collection of books has come to this country in recent years which so exhaustively and richly represented the knowledge of man on one or two limited periods of history as did the collection of Comte Riant, acquired some two years ago by Harvard and Yale. The part secured by Harvard, covering perhaps the wider field, has at length been temporarily entered upon their catalogue, and this latter fact seems to make another notice of the acquisition of the library in this country worth while. Comte Paul Riant, a French savant of European reputation for his learning as well as for his library, had two main interests in gathering his books—Scandinavian languages and literature and the history of the Latin East. To-day we know the Latin East and its history and problems, principally under the term Eastern Question. Harvard secured through gift and purchase this latter portion of his library, amounting to several thousand volumes. Comte Riant added to his own historical knowledge and discrimination in purchasing—the possibilities of a well-filled purse—and as a result his volumes are not only in many cases rare and costly, but are well bound and beautiful copies. It is worthy of note that the collection contained over one hundred incunabula and about one hundred and twenty-five manuscripts. It should be borne in mind, too, that the collection contains in many cases the original sources of history—contemporary accounts of events, early chronicles, and narratives. No better proof of its intrinsic value could be given than the contents of a monograph recently published in Paris by Comte Bégouën—“Notes et Documents pour servir à une Bibliographie de l'histoire de la Tunisie (sièges de Tunis 1535 et de Mahédia 1550).” From the original documents, and publications of contemporary date

which he cites and describes in this work, he establishes conclusively that the disputed date of the siege of Mahédia is in reality the year 1550, a year earlier than the date usually given. He goes on to give in detail an account in bibliographical terms of the original sources consulted. And now comes the surprising and interesting fact. Every one of the sources consulted—twenty-nine—with three exceptions, is in the library of Harvard university. Says Comte Bégouën: “La partie de la bibliothèque du Comte Riant qui contenait les documents que je me suis proposé d'étudier a été récemment vendue en bloc en Amérique, à l'Université de Harvard. Il est vraiment regrettable que les circonstances n'aient pas permis au gouvernement tunisien d'acquérir les raretés (parfois les pièces uniques) que je signalerai plus loin et qui auraient été bien à leur place dans la bibliothèque de la ville de Tunis, si pauvre, hélas! en ouvrages relatifs à l'histoire de la Régence.” It is greatly to be regretted that more publicity cannot be given to the acquisition of such a collection and to its contents. The Harvard authorities may be congratulated upon its possession, but only legitimately so when some scholar or student appears who will make known to other scholars its rarities and its riches as Comte Bégouën has done for a small part of it.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company's annual portrait catalogue has been, for a number of years, a feature of autumn book-lists. That which the Company has recently issued does not fall short when compared with previous issues. The style has been changed, new, clear type used, and many portraits and autographs of later authors added. The catalogue has a classified list and index of over one thousand titles.



THIS library corner, assembling many of the genial candle-masters of literature so endeared to book-lovers, is so far remote from any suggestion of "shop" in the general sense ascribed to it, that it will, doubtless, surprise most of our readers to be told that it is merely an æsthetic outcome of representative modern enterprise, as exemplified by Messrs. Burrows Brothers Co. of Cleveland, in their "store for book-lovers and book-buyers."

This store is, in reality, a thoroughly classified, carefully arranged library, on a purchasing basis, in place of the borrowing one that holds in public libraries, the book stock being divided into specialized main heads and subdivisions, and placed accordingly on the shelves and counters, in such manner that customers may have access to them for examination without being obliged to search in different places for kindred books.

Their stock includes many rare, valuable, and early-printed books, examples of the early presses and fine specimens of famous binders—English, French, and American; first editions of American and English authors, Americana, and issues that are out of print. Second-hand books are purchased here and abroad, and a catalogue of these issued every two months, that collectors may be kept in touch with the opportunities arising from this influx of old books gathered from divergent sources.

Every facility is furnished for examining books at leisure and in comfort, with none of the disquietude and annoyance that often attends upon the lingering choice of purchase from among a tempting array of these "only true equalizers in the world."

This firm is now publishing a series of admirable reprints of rare, early Americana.

Frederic Remington as an Author

BY HERBERT CROLY

ORDINARILY the illustrator is to the author very much as the actor is to the playwright. He may partly succeed in hitting off the latent pictures in the book, or he may wholly fail—or he may hit off something very different, though equally as good. But whether he misinterprets or more than interprets, he almost necessarily changes. Often the manner of the artist is so very personal, and the change consequently is so radical, that the illustration, charming and clever though it be, rather obscures the text than justifies or reveals it; and at such times one cannot but deplore the necessity that drives so many talented artists to a life of tolerably assiduous misrepresentation. Apparently, the only safe course is for the author to draw his own pictures, or for the artist to write his own books—as Mr. Frederic Remington has begun to do, for instance, in “John Ermine of the Yellowstone.” If John Ermine survives as one of the most picturesque figures in the literature of Western life, the credit will be at least partly due to the author’s illustrations—especially the single figures, which make our eyes see this Caucasian Indian, this long and light-haired outcast, who was white enough to love a white woman, but so red that his passion only stunned and terrified his timid mistress.

The story has been described as a character sketch; a sketch, in the sense of a moving picture, it is; but it is also a sketch with a development, a culmina-

tion, and a moral. What we get in the first place is the figure of a man—the bold, winning, somewhat mysterious, half-barbarous, half-poetical figure of a man. This figure is surrounded by just a sufficient background of the Western wilderness, and of military episode and adventure. John Ermine is a boy who is born of white parents, and whose birth is written on his face and head, but has been brought up as a Crow Indian. Such he would have remained had not a white recluse, who was the oracle of his tribe, adopted him, and tried to educate him for a life among his own people. The boy is amenable, intelligent, and well-disposed; he is moulded into a high-minded, picturesque, ambitious, and in all ordinary relations a well-balanced man. Very evidently he can hold his own among white men—as well in the horse-play of camp life, as in the sterner business of Indian campaigning. Up to this point the story is admirably simple, strong, vivid, and convincing. The author is writing in a vernacular that he thoroughly knows; he is using a method that is as economical as veracious, and as carefully finished as that which produced his best figures in bronze; he is drawing upon experience that covers every phase of the situation; and with all his realism, he has shown a little of that imaginative touch which makes the wilderness speak through the inhabitants he places there.

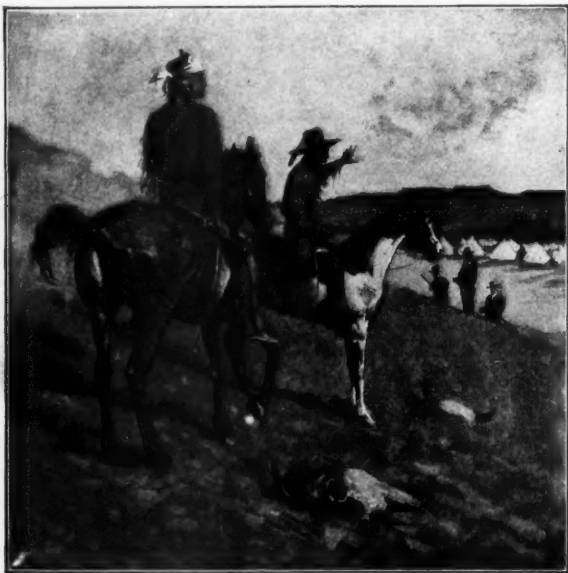
But it takes more than the com-



MR. FREDERIC REMINGTON

panionship of white men to make John Ermine feel at home among his own people; it takes the love of a white woman. Just here Mr. Remington visibly flinches in the illustrating, as well as in the telling of his story. It is an open secret, which not even the absence of a familiar signature does anything to close, that several pictures of the young lady have been drawn by Mr. C. D. Gibson. The young fellow falls desperately in love with her, encouraged thereto by a portrait of the lady, discovered among the ruins of a camp in the wilderness. Miss Searles behaves just as a Gibson girl might be expected to behave; she is fascinated by the picturesque and striking feature he cuts; she leads him on, and when he explodes in a passionate declaration of love, she is horrified and can only flutter away to the protection of her parents. John Ermine has no sentimental ideas about renunciation. He resents fiercely the notion that he cannot marry her, quar-

rels with and shoots her accepted lover, and so becomes an outlaw and meets an outlaw's death. This development and culmination of the story is as strongly and truthfully conceived as is the initial sketch of Ermine. That the boy should be rejected by his white people, because he claimed, in the hands of a white woman, the final testimony of their respect, and that his savage origin should prohibit his acceptance, and outlaw him after his disappointment: all this is a more human and effective handling of the situation than Mr. Wister gives us when he dresses his cowboy in London tweeds that he might marry the schoolmarm. Yet, in working out his culmination, Mr. Remington's method or his patience fails him. It almost looks as if he had become tired of his job and hastened his conclusion. He does not get his full effect, because the various incidents he uses do not gather slowly and inevitably to the tragedy. His ending is pathetic, but it is nothing more.



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HALT! WHO GOES THERE?



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JOHN ERMINE

Björnsterne Björnson

BY LOUISE PARKS RICHARDS

IT was in the rugged hills of Osterdalen, on the 8th of December, 1832, that there appeared in the far north the bear star—Björnsterne—of the bear son—Björnson. He was christened in the parish of Kvikne, where his father was pastor, and where he lived until he was six years old.

Then the faithful minister's field of work and sacrifice was changed to that of Naesset in Romansdalen, a region famed for its picturesque scenery. On either side of this valley the rock-ribbed hills rise abruptly, lifting their summits to overlook the fjord leading out to the sea.

Here in the midst of some of Norway's most varied beauty this child of imagination and of probing reason grew up, impressed alike by Nature's extraordinary phenomena and the mystery of that unshaken faith of his father which left its peculiar stamp.

As a child he read with avidity all the works of poetry and history that came in his way, while in the little town of Molde, where he was sent to school, he revelled in the books of folk-lore and folk-songs which the town authorities had collected into a library. Saturating himself with the romance of the country and the people, there took root that intensity of interest and affection for his native land and its folk which has since characterized the man.

Very early did the passion for leadership begin to manifest itself. At this school in Molde the young Björn-

son organized little *vereins* and societies among the boys, and became a sort of chieftain among the school children.

At seventeen he went to continue his studies at the University in Christiania, where he interested himself especially in Danish literature. The Danish theatre, then flourishing in Christiania, took a strong hold upon his mind, and was one of the most potent formative influences of his youth.

At the age of twenty he returned to his home in Romansdalen, where he saw the life of the people in a light which, to his newly awakened interests, was full of peculiar charm. He began to write songs of, and for, the people, in the style of the ancient folk-songs, then sung by the peasants. The lives and loves of these peasants, too, with all their inner motives, became an inexhaustible source of idyllic material, which he learned so well to present with the rugged beauty of northern folk-lore. It was to his village stories that he was indebted for the first notice that came to him as a writer.

On his return to Christiania a year later he took up the study of contemporaneous Danish writers on metaphysical and philosophical subjects, when there opened to him another vista. To this pastor's son of fiery enthusiasm, who, in the remote northern home, had known only the doctrines of a narrowed orthodoxy, rigid in its puritanical applications, and who, as a student in a uni-

versity where there was no one who stood as the exponent of modern ethical or social questions, had heard nothing of higher criticism or humanitarian movements, there was the dawn of a new revelation.

With the inheritance of a deeply religious nature, hitherto puzzled by the theories of accepted beliefs, the young heart was strangely moved. The emancipation from dogma came not without its struggle, but with its substitute of humanitarianism and natural morality his reason became satisfied. His final grip was that of the enthusiast, the optimist, who not only wills, but is ready to compel, for all the world, all the comfort, and all the joy which he believes humanity's due.

As an antagonizer of old conventionalities, whether in theology, literature, or society, the young writer early learned to do battle, and to strike out direct and hard for his convictions. While yet a student in Christiania he began to write as a newspaper critic, and earned for himself the usual number of enemies allotted to youthful aspirants of vehemence and indiscretion.

From a contributor he became an editor, and while an editor he was the director of a theatre. This was in Bergen, where, on the insistence of his friend, the celebrated violinist Ole Bull, he came at the age of twenty-five to take charge of the theatre, and where two happy years were spent together.

While taking the liveliest interest in the questions of the day, wherein he always felt called to take a part, poems, novels, and plays followed each other in astonishing succession. Although his first novels and dramas, to whose unconventional type the people were not accustomed, did not meet with flattering success, he was soon recognized as a poet.

His ballads and greater lyrical compositions, of which "Bergliot" is the most exquisite, had the sparkle of the

frost, the ring of the Erlking, while his songs of the fatherland have become national songs. The poet was not content, however, to be singer only; he must needs teach and preach as well. This he would do through the drama. As director of the theatre in Bergen, and later in Christiania, the practical knowledge thus gained stood him in good stead.

Working with the impetuosity of his strong nature, he was scarcely thirty when success had come to him. His name as dramatist was finally sounded abroad, and his dramas were translated, and received upon the foreign stage with acclamation. His best dramas, however, were written after his fortieth year. In the preacher's son the desire to preach had then reached its maximum, and with his wide range of interests, many were the topics of powerful sermons delivered in parts on the stage.

The all-mastering intent of Björnsterne Björnson has ever been the higher civilization of his land. To this end he has felt himself chosen as the forerunner of his people, an outpost guard in the warfare against wrongs, not only of physical and political might, but of intellectual error and dwarfing prejudice. His dramas, therefore, have embraced not only questions of politics and religion, but the domestic relations and social conditions.

A powerful satire on the press is delivered in the drama of "The Editor," and in that of "The King"; not only does he make an attack upon the monarchy as an institution, but exposes the weaknesses of its figurehead. In one of his greatest dramas, "Bankrupt," he goes into the financial world, disclosing its poverty of honor.

It is told that the wife of a secret defaulter, on seeing this drama on the stage, and recognizing the criminal character of her own husband, fainted at the glaring portrayal. A speculat-

ing banker in the audience, his own defalcations brought home to him by the vivid picture, was so overwhelmed with guilt that the very next day saw him declare his own bankruptcy.

While Björnson invariably combats circumscribed dogma, he is the never tiring champion of virtue in its highest sense. In his play of "Leonarda" he shows the cruelty of fanatical prejudice which ruined the name of a woman who had committed no sin, while in "A Glove" he makes a demand for moral equality in exacting the same standards for man as for woman.

The story of "Magnhild" distinguishes morality as virtue and as an institution, as a law of the heart and as a regulation of society. Personal purity is one of the foundation stones of Björnson's Utopia. Like a missionary he has gone to the cities and to the villages of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and over into Finland, where he has lectured nearly an hundred times on the subject of chastity, with an appreciable improvement in moral conditions as a result. "Nothing is so effective as a powerful sermon," said one of his countrymen.

"In God's Paths" is Björnson's best novel, a work that has come to be regarded as a handbook of conduct, a moral guide, that teaches wherever good people walk, there are to be found God's paths. In his protest against the fanaticism of dogma he declares that, with love and justice as the substance of true Christianity, it is life and not formalized belief which is the first consideration. Unlike the pedagogue, he speaks heart to heart, and with a sympathy that comes closer than precept.

As the prophet of his country, ready to cut and hew, bend and turn the branches, that his beloved people might have light, he early recognized that politics as well as ethics was a consideration in the welfare of a nation, and

thus he became a notable factor in Norway's political life.

In the union with Sweden under a Swedish king, and with a Swedish prime-minister, whose residence is in Stockholm, the Norwegians have ever been on the alert lest they be treated as a province of the reigning state. In the very essence of his nature a democrat, the entire independence of Norway became Björnson's dream, and to this end he took up the cudgels of journalism.

As the young editor of a newspaper in Bergen, he fought the further amalgamation of the two countries with all the might of his pen, and to him it was due that the representatives who had voted for a closer tariff relation between Norway and Sweden were not reelected to the Storting. Later—1859—as editor of the "Aften Bladet" in Christiania, he vigorously advocated the right of Norway to refuse a Swedish governor, and in 1866-67, while editing the "Norske Volke Bladet," he stood out against all restrictions of constitutional rights, and further opposed the proposals to tie the political knot of the two countries any closer.

It was in the question of the king's absolute veto that Björnson came to be one of the most powerful political leaders in Norway, and the greatest public speaker in the whole Scandinavian land. This was due in part, according to one of his own nation, to a visit—1880—to his early friend, Ole Bull, then living in America, where he made a study of the "popular American rhetoric." Whether American political speeches have served him as models or not, it is true that when he has a message for the people he does not hesitate to take the stump as its proclaimer, and when his voice is raised, it is to be heard throughout the land.

One of the most striking scenes in Norway is that of the now stalwart leader, the grand old poet, mounted on

a platform, around which are assembled hundreds of peasants, over whom broods the death-like silence of veneration, while his clear, ringing voice speaks to them in their own vigorous language of country, of life in its best sense, and of their duties and obligations. When he ceases, the strange hush is broken by such a shout from lusty throats as greets only an idol of the people.

Björnsterne Björnson is singularly the man of his own nation, and the relation he bears to his countrymen is unique. Not only as representative of his land does he count himself, but as educator, and moral teacher of the folk. To make human beings healthy and happy has been the aim of this Victor Hugo of the North, as he has been called by Jules Lemaitre. To this end each novel, each drama has been written, the solution of whose human problems is to bring more good, more happiness into the world.

In his battles against the wrongs of society, church, or government, he has never hesitated to use his weapons in whatever rôle may seem most effective. As the most natural thing in the world he will lay aside the poem, the book, the play, and turn all his forces into the channels of the daily press, or to the platform, for an immediate cause of right and justice. In the city, in the country, among the high or the lowly, no place is too humble for this man of love and fight to stretch out his protecting arms, or to raise his voice for the good of the people.

Though often misunderstood, defeated, his everlasting optimism has never deserted him, for he believes not less in the ultimate righting of wrong than in his own mission as adjuster. In his first drama, which bore the significant title "In the Midst of Battles," there was the sound of a personal note. Here was pictured the born leader as philanthropist, in whom burned the love

for his people, and the consuming desire for their welfare, but who, constantly misjudged, always thwarted, felt himself forced to do much harm on the way to good.

The cause of humanity is always his, even when it calls in other lands, and whether it be for virtue or a republic, for physiology in girls' schools in Norway, or a Norwegian Minister in Sweden, for the Peace Congress in the Hague, or for Dreyfus in France, Björnson does not fail to speak in italics, and with exclamation points.

His course, early marked out for himself, has been with a distinct end in view, and however much he may have invited criticism, he has been consistent with himself. More than twenty years ago a report went the rounds of the German newspapers that Björnson, wearied with the political foment he had induced at home through his attacks upon the monarchy, had decided to take up his residence abroad, in Munich. In a private letter he wrote in reply:

"I shall live right here in Norway—I shall thrash and be thrashed in Norway—I shall win and die in Norway—of this you can be sure."

Though time has modified many an ultra position, and rounded off the jagged points of antagonism, he still enjoys the vigor that comes from combat. Physically he has been prepared for all the encounters that the fires of his zeal might invite, for Nature has fitted him with her best equipments.

The broad shoulders are a bulwark in themselves, and with muscles as of wrought iron stretched over a framework of steel, the tall, erect figure is as perfect and powerful as that of a gladiator. With the keen, penetrating eye that looks straight in and through, he is never the man to shrink or turn back.

Alice and Ellen

A Conversation

BY JOHN W. HERBERT

WHEN Alice had climbed through the bookshelf into Bookland she looked about her for a companion—she was tired of animals and she wanted a real human playmate. She did not at first see anyone that looked interesting, so she wandered about on a tour of inspection. At last she saw a thin little girl, with dyed stockings, sitting by the roadside all alone; and, as she looked forlorn, Alice thought she would speak to her. So she went up and said:

"How do you do, little girl? You look lonesome. What is your name?"

With a wild cry, the strange little girl, hiding her head in Alice's skirts, gave way to a violent burst of grief that seemed as if it would rend soul and body in twain. Then they clasped each other in a convulsive embrace while tears fell like rain, and the little girl sobbed: "My name is Ellen Montgomery."

"Oh," said Alice, "that isn't such a bad name. I wouldn't cry so, if I were you. You ought to have seen the Mock Turtle cry—his tears were twice as big as yours; though I don't think he had any more of them. Did you," trying to cheer her up, "did you ever see a Mock Turtle or a Gryphon? Where do you come from, Ellen?"

Ellen sobbed more gently, but that and the mute pressure of her arms was her only answer at first. Then she

yielded helplessly to the grief that she had been obliged to control for two minutes, and with a wild wail of anguish she answered:

"I—I am Ellen Montgomery, and I come from 'The Wide, Wide World.' You don't know me, and nobody does now; and I used to be so popular—I have made more people weep than any other child in this place—and now, and now, people don't weep at me any longer. They don't seem to like to weep so much now as they used to, any way;" and with this she burst into a fresh paroxysm of tears.

"It is very curious," thought Alice, "I never saw such a little girl as this. I shall be crying myself next thing, if I don't look out." So she took her handkerchief and, shaking off the tears that had collected on her own waist, she wiped Ellen's eyes and said:

"Come, Ellen, let's look about us and see who's here. Take my hand and we'll see what we can find to amuse us."

"I don't want to be amused," sobbed Ellen, as the tears rained down and made little mud tracks behind them as they walked along.

"Oh, my!" thought Alice. "Whatever shall I do with this little girl—she's worse than the pig baby. I wonder what she will turn into. I wonder if she can't talk at all. I'll try her on some of my friends; maybe she knows them, and it's always interesting to talk

about one's mutual—no, I mustn't say that—one's common friends. I say, Ellen," she added aloud, "do you know Kim?"

"Yes, I've heard of him; but he isn't very nice, is he? He deceived that dear old man, and—and he wasn't very honest, was he? Didn't he sometimes lie and swear? And didn't he almost cheat once or twice? I don't think he is just the kind of boy my mother would have liked me to play with," and she burst into a fresh passion of weeping.

"Oh, come," said Alice, much disgusted at this opinion of her favorite, "this will never do. Don't be such a baby. Come along with me, or the Duchess will get you," giving Ellen a pull and rubbing her own shoulder reminiscently.

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Ellen. "Who is that horrid little boy coming along without any clothes on, with a bear and a black panther side of him? I hope he won't come any nearer—I should be so ashamed and frightened. My aunt wouldn't like me to see him at all."

"Oh, stuff!" said Alice. "He's the nicest boy that's come here for a long time—the very nicest—and he does have the nicest animals with him. They aren't so funny as my old friends, and they talk a curious kind of language—like the prayer-book, something—but they're all very nice, and we are great friends. Aren't we, Mowgli?" raising her voice.

"Ah! Is it thou, little sister of the man tribe? Welcome! Where are thy friends the White Rabbit, the March Hare, and the Cheshire Cat? Would that they were with thee! We—thou, Bagheera, Baloo, and I—would have good fooling with them if they were with thee. But who is that man thing behind thee; making puddles with the water that falls to the ground from her great red eyes? Let her be gone to the Bandar-log, and come thou with us."

"No, Mowgli, I cannot come with

you now. I'm going with this little girl—it's Ellen Montgomery, and she comes from 'The Wide, Wide World,' and we are going to hunt some of her friends. Later, I'll get the Mock Turtle and the rest and we'll have some fun. Good-by."

"Good hunting to thee, little sister!" called Mowgli. "Don't stay too long with that Bandar-log," and he made such a face at Ellen, who looked up just then, that she gave way to a fresh burst of tears.

"Oh, dear," thought Alice, "I wonder if she'll ever stop. I wonder if we shall ever find anybody that she likes."

A number of children came along just then and attracted Ellen's attention. Alice did not particularly like their looks, for they were all lame, or blind, or starved, or bruised, or dying, or crippled in some way; but her companion was delighted and wept afresh at each new set. She pointed out a few of them to Alice, with comments such as: "That one is Jackanapes—he'll die very soon. That is Wickey—he'll die, too. That one will have a short life. That one was run over and made a cripple for life saving her little brother. That one almost died because she almost had a pet dog almost cut up alive. That one was misunderstood. That one is going to kill himself, so that the rest of his family can have more to eat when he's gone. Aren't they all beautiful!"

Alice differed in her opinion, but she did not like to say anything, for fear of hurting Ellen's feelings and making her cry. They walked along in silence for a little while—a silence broken only by Ellen's convulsive weeping.

Suddenly, with one great sob, Ellen straightened up and, waving her tear-soaked handkerchief, called Alice's attention to a near-by group of children, saying: "Aren't they lovely? I shall like to join them in their play."

Alice looked carefully. It was cer-

tainly an interesting group. "Curiouser and curiouser," thought Alice as she looked. In the centre was a small, weazened child in a little wheeled carriage. The mark of death was on his face, and he constantly asked a moping girl by his side what the wild waves were saying. Next to these two stood a tiny, helpless cripple with a crutch, and near him was a wretched, half-starved little girl, hand in hand with a decrepit old man. "Oh, oh!" sobbed Ellen. "That is dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—is stirring nimbly in his cage." A crowd of pale, miserable, half-fed, half-

dressed children stood about this central group. One of them was crying for "more"—of what, Alice could not at first make out, though she finally concluded it was tears, as they all wept afresh each time; and Alice's companion gave way to another violent paroxysm and rushed forward, wailing eagerly: "Let me weep, too! Let me weep, too!"

"Well, I never!" said Alice. "If that isn't the most curiousest play I ever saw! I think I'll go back with Mowgli and Bagheera, and we'll find the March Hare and the rest of the animals. I don't think I care so much for the children in this place."

Old Books

BY JOHN W. HILLIARD

OLD books are best! In sooth, I hold
 With wise Koheleth's saw of old:
 Of making books there is no end;
 Therefore, when I'm inclined to spend,
 By modern wares I'm not cajoled.

Bodonis, green, perhaps, with mould,
 An Aldine clad in vellum cold,
 An Elzevir—if fates befriend!—

Old books are best!

A Horace, too, when fortune's doled
 An extra coin or two of gold;
 A Walton—"first," of course—to blend
 Its mirth with Burton's morbid trend;
 By Solomon the truth was told:

Old books are best!

James B. Connolly

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

YOU are to imagine a stalwart, athletic figure; a youthful, rough-hewn, shaven face, at once virile and sensitive; informal simplicity in dress; directness and ardor of speech; warmth, as well as modesty, of manner; cleanness in conscience; abstemious habits; and an exuberant, illimitable passion for adventure—and this is James B. Connolly, author of "Out of Gloucester," to whom Theodore Roosevelt has of late written his appreciation. The President delights in the hardy normality of Mr. Connolly's work; he should by all means meet the man.

For, next to shooting and riding and ruling the Great Republic, President Roosevelt loves best to get the acquaintance of stern literary craftsmen—he had Frank T. Bullen at luncheon the other day, and not even that valiant whaleman can hold a better "yarn" than Mr. Connolly. Has not Connolly, too, hunted whales? And has not Connolly punched steers on a cattle ship, taken alligators in Georgia, gone down in a diving bell, fought at Santiago, twice crossed the ocean in the steerage, travelled from the Russian frontier to Hamburg with the emigrants (locked in with them forty hours, standing all the time), fished with Lapp fishermen out of Hammerfest, Finnish fishermen out of Vardo, and German fishermen in the Baltic—to say nothing of some dozen or more voyages, two of them in the heart of winter, to the Banks of Newfoundland? Why, now that I come to

think of it, his father was a doughty seafarer before him—first a Galway pilot, then a "T-wharf Banker"—and one of Connolly's earliest recollections is that of being carried from the cabin to the fo'c's'le in his father's arms, when the cabin had been flushed out in a gale! Here, then, is an author after President Roosevelt's own heart.

But observe. Unlike Bullen, unlike Hamblen, or Warman, or Stanton King, Mr. Connolly has arrived at authorship by the orthodox path; he is none of your untutored adventurer converted to letters; instead, he had a year at Harvard and served an apprenticeship in random journalism before the editors of "Scribner's" were yet aware of him. Moreover, he is a Bostonian by birth, and belongs, by right of his talents, to that happy class called by the "Springfield Republican" "persons qualified to live in Boston." A rare case, I assure you—adventurer not for "copy," but for sheer love of rough life; author by force of sympathy with doughty seamen; Rooseveltian to the core! Yet, after all his stirring exploits, you find him most singularly modest; indeed, it took no little friendly nudging to force his first appearance in the magazines.

And now I find that I have twice spoken of Mr. Connolly's modesty. You will forgive me—will you not?—since to me his modesty is the most extraordinary thing about him. For this is the same James Connolly who figured

so conspicuously at Athens, in the Olympian games. Those glowing days were enough, you would say, to turn the head of a stoic. Think of it—the welcome by ten thousand people, the flourish of colors, the parades, the speeches, the reception at the Chamber of Deputies and on board U. S. S. “San Francisco,” the drinking of healths, the hobnobbing with Prince George, the double line of soldiers around the arena, and nobody allowed inside but athletes—athletes and Royalty! Connolly was entered for the first event—the triple leaf—which he won, establishing the Continental record. The Stars and Stripes shot up the flagstaff, the band played “The Star-spangled Banner,” and the 150,000 spectators cheered themselves hoarse. A victor’s medal, a diploma, a branch of laurel, a gold and silver bowl, a bit of sculpture, and limitless adulation rewarded the young Bostonian. His picture, surrounded by colored incandescents, was in half the shop windows. Crowds followed him about the streets. He attended the King’s banquet and the Royal picnic at Daphne. Prince George, whose admiration far outsped his English vocabulary, slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed: “Mr. Connolly, your leap was—was—I mean, your leap was—was *disgusting!*” The Athenian populace nicknamed him “the Rabbit.” But what amused him more was the reception he got in South Boston, on his return. The sky was filled with rockets, saloons blazed with red and green lights, bands played “Hail to the Chief,” and policemen who had chased him when he was a boy did their best to keep order. Something of this Mr. Connolly will tell you, when he knows you well enough, and after assiduous pumping—but never by way of boasting. For aught I can see, he regards the whole affair as a romantically fortuitous joke.

But many a thing he will never tell.

The autobiographical note is lacking in his stories, absent almost wholly from his conversation. He is out and out a hero-worshipper, preferring the third person, lavish of praise. Ask about Sol Jacobs or Tommie Ohlsen, and you open the flood-gates. Enthusiastic admiration, growing out of intimate, sympathetic personal contact, inspires the story, spoken or written. Said Emerson Hough, in a chat I once had with him, “You can’t write about anything till you know it, you can’t know it till you love it, you can’t love it till you’ve lived with it.” So here.

And, happily, Mr. Connolly’s athletic vigor fits him to live the actual, perilous, rough life of the world’s most adventurous workers. Unmarried, he roams at will, making endless “experiments in reality.” A stranger to routine, he writes in the calm intervals between those experiments, and during such intervals spares not himself: four thousand words at a sitting—penned words, not type-written—are nothing unusual! And thus his superb endurance tells once again.

A morning’s task of four thousand words, five mornings more of scrupulous polishing, and the story is done. But writing is with Connolly the mere recording of creative intellectual work previously performed. The story, founded perhaps on an actual incident, slowly forms itself in his mind, momentarily takes color and atmosphere, gradually develops character. It evolves. No notes are jotted, no written outline prepared; but little by little the thing becomes a part of the author, who has known it, loved it, lived with it. Then he must write—and for sake of unity and coherency, as well as for dash and fire, must fling off the whole in a single heat. Was it not Carlyle who said, “When the furnace has simmered long, throw wide the door and let the precious metal burst forth at a single gush”?

Now, I fancy I understand something of Mr. Connolly's method, and something of its effect. For one thing it means the suppression of humor: humor is superficial—life is not funny at bottom, it is only funny on top. Connolly drinks too deep of experience, sups too heartily of observation, to chuckle at oddities. He will laugh at your joke, he will repeat the jests of his captains courageous—as of one who, in describing the return of a fishing schooner in a raging storm, said: "They brought her in on her side, with the crew sitting out on the keel." And yet—take a humorous view of any living soul, he will not and cannot. His perceptions are too large, too deep, too true. Moreover, his heart beats too warm, and humor leans toward cruelty.

In another respect his patient brooding tells—his art is sincere, it is free from self-consciousness. All the material gets itself so perfectly assimilated, proportioned, arranged, that the story, finished before written, comes out in the honest, ardent English of a man absolutely sure of himself. He is not creating as he writes; he has long since created. In the full tilt of transcription he can listen to no tempter, whether of affectation, or charlatanry, or any sort of specious brilliancy. His work is, as my honored contemporary Mr. Chuck Connors would put it, "on the level," "the real thing"—no posing here, no straining for effect, never the uncertainty of touch which suggests an author tearing his hair in a frenzy over something, anything, to say next.

Nevertheless, one is tempted to grieve over so slow a method of production. For might not Connolly sit years and years in comfort, doing nothing

but write? And see! After six weeks or so of the pen, he must forth on the trail that is Always New—forth again to the Banks or the whaling grounds, life in hand, seeking fresh material. He must live anew—hear the seamen talk, tread the reeling deck, feel the spray in his face. Bret Harte would have given us volumes where Connolly gives us only one short story. But patience. Precisely such seasons of unproductiveness yield superb, though spasmodic, fruition. After this manner of workman was Alphonse Daudet—loitering week after week in boulevard and café, inviting his soul, putting questions to life, absorbing atmosphere, color, human feeling, thought, passion. Nobody taunts Daudet with having failed to make out a career. So with Connolly—he has learned the merit of Bliss Carman's quatrain:

"Have little care that life is brief
And less that art is long.
Success is in the silences,
Though fame is in the song."

Has Connolly's art a purpose? No—if by purpose you mean the pleading of causes or the pulping of abstract ethics. But who can read "Out of Gloucester" and not have his blood leap, feel his heart bound with enthusiasm, hear the Red gods call? Just this is James Connolly's message: Honor the rude humanity of rough and brave men, prize the hardihood and rugged virility which God in His goodness has given you. And this message came home to President Roosevelt, who must forthwith write the author of it his satisfaction that so healthy a tone should make itself felt in American letters.

Sailors as Critics of Sea Fiction

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

YEARS ago, when a mere boy intending to become a sailor, and consequently interested in things nautical, the writer stood before a window where was exhibited a painting by a then unknown artist. It was entitled "Reefing," and was unquestionably a work of art—good in conception, color, and composition. It was a picture of a small schooner, with light canvas furled and the mainsail lowered for reefing, riding over a crested sea, with a background of rain and storm cloud. There was wind, and wet, and work sticking out of every square inch of this picture, but it possessed one technical fault to which the writer's attention was called by two sailors who halted beside him.

"How'd he ever pass that earin' with the boom way off" said one, in a tone of disgust.

"Couldn't reach half the reef points," grunted the other, "let alone the earin'." And away they went; the beauty of the picture lost upon them.

Fore-and-aft canvas is reefed from the deck; and the quick comprehension of the sailors had grasped the fact that the after half of the boom, on which the work was already done, was out of reach of the tallest man.

It was a lesson in seamanship for the writer, and his first in criticism; but, had he not gone to sea a little later, the captiousness of it might not have been confirmed in him. As it was, he spent the next ten years of his life at a

trade in which there are but two ways to do anything—the right way and the wrong. The first was merely necessary and expected of him, the last disastrous and unforgivable; and while he was imbibing these ethics that unknown artist was becoming famous, and now stands in the first rank of the world's marine painters. But, though the writer, in the light of his own ignorance at the time, might have forgiven the first lapse from truth, he cannot, having been a sailor, condone the artist's later sinning. He is a friend and a neighbor, and an all-round lovable man; but he is still a sinner against fact. Realism has rights which even an impressionist should respect; but this prevaricator of the brush and palette paints a stormy sea and sky with flecks of red in the crests of breaking seas, and on the sides of solid objects. A gale of wind really is gray—light gray, or dark gray, but gray. The faint light of a storm will not visibly refract in the liquid prisms. He paints in the red and green side lights of a craft when she is in such a position that one will be hidden by the screen; and with his ever present love of red he paints a blazing reflection of the port light in a sea too rough to show the reflection of a bonfire. He paints a full-rigged ship under sail—one of the finest sights on earth—and he does justice to the beauty of the spectacle; but he puts reef points in the topgallant-sails, which seamanship decrees shall

not be reefed; for if whole topgallantsails are too heavy for the ship, and mere topsails not canvas enough, a compromise can be effected by reefing topsails and setting topgallantsails above.

Of course he has his reasons for these things—for it is beyond question that he knows them—good reasons, too, from an artistic standpoint. Red is a very pretty tint: harmony of color demands that it be sprinkled in various places. And the broad, white expanse of a topgallantsail, unrelieved by detail, is a blemish on an otherwise harmonious composition. Hence the reef-points.

Now, the animus of the foregoing strictures is not the writer's devotion to realism; for this is growing less with the passing of the years, and, with the near advent of his second childhood, eventually will lapse into the romanticism and impressionism of his youth—so he would be consistent with the coming state of mind; but as there is enough of it left in him to intrude itself at this moment, and as it does so after years of study and progress, and charitable thought, and absence from the realistic school, it can be considered as a fair index of the strength of the original brand, and the thoroughness of the tutelage which makes sailors, like women, more alike than different.

And so, in this discussion of sailorly criticism, the writer would strongly insist that what he says adversely of modern marine art in oil or in words comes from the sailor in him, not from the growing idealism of his advancing years. Let this be understood; but if it cannot be understood, then, as he will criticise no further the work of his countrymen, and as he is a worker in words himself, grant him the privilege of the American working man in inveighing against the products of cheap, English labor that are flooding this country to the detriment of honest American industry—in short, the unreal sea stories of the Clark Russells,

Cutcliffe Hynes, and Kiplings of England. For, as there are but few marine oil painters in the world, and as sailors seldom see their work to criticise it, but are inveterate readers, it is with word painters that this discussion will deal, and the sinful artist referred to, being an American, whose sins have served to illustrate the sailorly mind, is dismissed with promise of forgiveness.

With regard to general literature, a sailor is a romanticist, for it is his romanticism which made him, or at least which keeps him, a sailor; but in sea fiction he is a rigid, uncompromising realist. No poetic license and artistic privilege for him: he demands that the author know the ropes. He is apt to criticise Shakespeare in "The Tempest," because the "bosun" gave orders not in keeping with the seamanship that he knows, and to deride the story of St. Paul's shipwreck as an improbable "galley yarn" because, though it might interest him as a well told story of a lively trip, still the anchors were dropped from the stern. Now, he knows that anchors belong on the bows, and expects that writers of stories, whether sacred or secular, should know it too.

So strong is the sailor's realism that it will often dominate and over-rule proof that he is wrong in his criticism. A lately deceased American clergyman once published the story of a trip up the coast in a schooner yacht, and this book, being moral, found its way into one of the libraries supplied to ships by the Seamen's Missions, thence into a fore-castle where lived the writer. An old sailor got the book first, and pronounced it, as he read, a "mighty good yarn"; but when about half way through it he flung it across the fore-castle and reversed his opinion of the book, and its author.

"He says," roared the old realist, "that they trimmed jib sheets down to *windward*. Who the devil ever

heard o' trimmin' jib sheets to windward? Jib sheets trim down to looard, an' any fool knows it."

The story was spoiled for him; and even when the passage was found, and explained as ship-shape and proper—referring to the schooner being "hove-to" to wait for another craft—he would not read more of it. He was a square-rigged sailor, with but a hearsay knowledge of schooners. "Craft back their yards to heave to," he averred profanely; "and if they had no yards they could not heave to."

Hand in hand with the sailor's demand for truth in technique goes his demand for truth in color. He knows the sea, and knows that a storm which is fully covered by the phrase, "a bad blow," can fill him with the sum total of physical pain; and he objects to the awful storms he reads about—he wonders, knowing the possibilities in a bad blow, how any one in the book survives. He objects to the murderous scoundrels who are content to be sailors in the books. Such fellows could not get berths: no one would ship them. He is bad enough himself, he thinks, for practical seafaring. Why should sailors be worse, and still go to sea?

Perhaps the most persistent misrepresenter of sailors and the sea in the world to-day is W. Clark Russell, who has held the field for twenty-five years and worked it well. What experienced and weather-worn seaman ever saw such gales and seas as rage and crash through his novels—such vivid, long-continued lightning, such uproarious thunder? He is an artist in words, and a good one, as such art goes; but why his lavish use of color? The writer read his first book, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," on a passage around the Horn from San Francisco to Queens-town, at an age of extreme impressionability. On that passage there were squalls on the Line, some rather bad weather off the Horn, a gale off the

River Plate, and another in the Bay of Biscay. The Biscay gale blew the seas flat during the squalls and made going aloft easier than coming down. Eighty miles an hour is the measure of a hurricane, and a later reference to Weather Reports at Queenstown gave one hundred and forty-four miles an hour as the estimated velocity of this wind. Surely a wind that can flatten a Biscay sea and blow men aloft is a strong one; but neither in this blow, nor in any other squall or storm of that turbulent passage, could the writer find anything to match the lurid descriptions in the book he had just read.

But it is not in his extravagant use of language that Mr. Russell is most deserving of reproach—although he has, no doubt, lessened the revenues of steamship companies by frightening timid people. It is in his misrepresentation of the sailor. Working for art's sake rather than truth's, he has needed villains in his stories; and these he has drawn from the forecandle. Nowhere in the seafaring world are there such murderous, mutinous scoundrels as burn, sink, and destroy through his pages. In this he has created such strong public sentiment against the sailor that it is difficult to-day for him to obtain justice in the courts—not of England, but of America; for England cares for her sailors, and Mr. Russell could not be taken too seriously over there.

There are two other word painters in England, who can out-paint Mr. Russell when they try, and, curiously, one of them, Frank T. Bullen, who has perhaps been longer at sea than any writer in the world, makes his sailors as good as Mr. Russell makes them bad. They are good as Mr. Bullen himself, and Mr. Bullen is a deeply religious man. But he is a rare exception. Sailors, as a class, in spite of all that has been said and written about their strong faith and trust in Providence,

are a skeptical lot of men. Their intimate contact with the mighty works of God, which has been quoted as the reason of their faith, is exactly what makes them skeptical. They trust, not in Providence, but in good forethought and seamanship. They know there is no mercy to them in the elements; every storm is an enemy seeking their destruction, and this enemy cannot be baffled by faith, or trust, or prayer. On the contrary, they see or hear occasionally of ships being pulled out of very bad scrapes by wicked, blasphemous skippers and mates who know their business.

The other word-painter, Joseph Conrad—and the writer salutes this man, this wonderful master of a language he can hardly speak—must be approached with the respect accorded to genius; for in no other living writer is combined the seamanly knowledge, the insight into the hearts of sailors, and the style of expression which he puts into his sea stories. And yet it might be permissible for the writer, hat in hand before Conrad, to speak of one place where he forgot which tack he was on—a serious thing in practical seamanship. It happened to Conrad in “The Children of the Sea,” when he wore ship at the end of that bad blow off the Cape of Good Hope. Though he carefully refrains from mentioning which tack he had hove to on, using the expressions “windward” and “leeward” in place of “starboard” and “port,” yet he had in his mind, with that west-bound ship, to heave to on the tack which would drift him nearest his course. This is mere common sense; he verifies it on page 92 by mention of the setting sun to leeward, and on page 95 speaks of “the icy south wind.” That ship was hove down on her beam ends on the port tack with her starboard rail buried; and when, in the judgment of her skipper, she had drifted far enough to the west to clear

the Cape, he wore ship, or in reality performed half the operation—brought the south wind on the port quarter—and the ship righted. Then Conrad says this: “The immense volume of water, lifted by her deck, was thrown bodily across to *starboard*,” and again, “the water topped the starboard rail with the rush of a river falling over a dam.” Now that starboard rail was the one that was buried, and the water would have been thrown to port as she righted. A very slight lapse this, of no importance whatever to a landsman; but the writer, reading this vivid account of a wintry gale with every old instinct aroused by the author’s power, actually living the experience with those starved and frozen men, felt, on coming to this mistake, as though a bucketful of that icy water had been dashed in his face. With all sailorly deference to Conrad he protests—to his publishers.

A strenuous sinner is Kipling, who either overrates the strength of a Scotch engineer, or underrates the feel, and the weight, and the uncompromising stiffness of a wet hawser in winter time. In “Bread upon the Waters” he has McFee plunge overboard and swim to a derelict steamer. There is nothing wrong about this, for a bath will not hurt a Scotchman (the writer is Scotch and knows); but McFee drags a long line after him, climbs up with it, then drags a hawser aboard from his own craft and lifts it up to the high bow, where he makes it fast. McFee was a strong man to swim through a Western Ocean sea with that line, but he must have had a hard time getting that hawser aboard. It is a job for all hands. Kipling worked McFee thus hard in the pages of a magazine, but in book form gave him assistance—steam on the forward donkey and a man to hold slack. Yet he was a strong man, too.

But a stronger man than McFee is

Cutcliffe Hyne's doughty Captain Kettle—a little, dried up fellow, according to the fellow-artist's pictures of him—who, in the story called "The Derelict," takes four Portuguese sailors aloft on a two-thousand ton ship, and shortens down everything to lower topsails. Even with the patent rolling upper topsails supplied by Mr. Hyne to make the story plausible, it could not be done; even a main topgallant-sail in such a ship cannot be furled in a gale by five men. It is a job for a watch. Mr. Hyne forgot. He also forgot that wet grain will swell, and that eight feet of water in the lower hold would cause an expansion in bulk

that would not only lift the 'tween-deck, but burst the sides outward; so that long before the plucky and powerful little captain could have arrived to salve her, she would have sunk.

All this is "sailor's growl." No sea story writer may escape it; and if exception be taken to the writer's privilege to "growl" at bad yarn spinning, let him qualify it by quoting a criticism of himself by a Philadelphia reviewer who reviewed one of his books. He gave the title, the sub-title, and the name of the publisher, then this and nothing more: "The author has never been to sea, and does not write like a sailor."

"Lord" Timothy Dexter's Extraordinary Book

FORGOTTEN for many years, the writer had occasion, the other day, to look up a copy of "Lord" Timothy Dexter's extraordinary little volume, published late in the eighteenth century. The book is not a myth, as many suppose, but although original copies of the first and second edition are extremely rare, reprints may be found on a few book-shelves.

"Lord" Timothy Dexter wrote only one book. That was enough. On it rests his literary reputation, but so unique is his production that it holds an undisputed place among the curiosities of American book-making. Possessed of great wealth, as wealth was estimated in his times, and practically no education, "Lord" Timothy was accustomed to having his own way. He had it in his home and business life; he had it with his printers.

In his own estimation "Lord" Timothy was a great man. Persuaded of his greatness, that he was equal to any and every undertaking, like other eminent men of his time, he thought he must become an author. So he wrote "Pickle for the Knowing Ones," demanding that his printers set up and print the book as written. He had courage as well as conviction.

It is a small, thin volume, containing some sense and much nonsense jumbled together, but the most curious thing about the first edition is that there are no punctuation marks. This was commented on, so in a second edition "Lord" Timothy placed at the end of a page of different punctuation marks, this note:

"Mister printer the nowing ones complane of my book the first edition had no stops I put in A Nuf here and

they may peper and solt it as they plese."

"Lord" Timothy was not a fool. By his shrewdness, industry, and a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel he acquired a large fortune, and Samuel L. Knapp, a noted lawyer of his time, who wrote the first life of Daniel Webster, also wrote a life of Dexter. William C. Todd, a later biographer, wrote of him in 1890: "As a man he was worthless, and only deserves the space devoted to him as an example of erroneous biography and tradition, of which so much still remains accepted."

Yet the author of "Pickle for the Knowing Ones" enjoys a peculiar and enduring celebrity. He has been regarded as a most marked example of a man of feeble intellect, gaining wealth purely by luck; but he was more than that. He was eccentric in other things than his extraordinary book. Born at Malden, Mass., January 22, 1747, he, when a mere lad, was apprenticed to a leather dresser in Charlestown, and when twenty-one commenced business for himself. In 1770 he married the Widow Frothingham, older than himself, and who brought him some money, which he invested to his great advantage.

As his wealth increased, so his eccentricities. He assumed the title of Lord, which no one disputed, and moved to Newburyport, where he built a palace. Forty elaborately decorated figures of national celebrities marked the main avenue, among them one of himself bearing the inscription, "I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher of the Western world." "Lord" Timothy was not modest. Two gilded lions guarded the entrance to his castle. His ten acres of land were laid out like an English park, and the interior of his house was furnished with a heterogeneous collection of furniture and books from foreign markets.

Having made himself a "Lord" he caused an elegant coach to be built, bearing a coat of arms which he took from a book of heraldry. His tomb was built in the garden, and a massive mahogany coffin with silver handles and mountings was a part of his house furnishings. Hearing that the English king had a poet laureate, he engaged Jonathan Plummer, a fish-monger, to sing his praises. Later in life "Lord" Timothy became addicted to drink, and he died October 26, 1806.

The Poet's Place

BY THOMAS WALSH

THE *Now* is but the eternal vantage-place
Between the Past's and Future's streams;
There does the poet stand, with Janus-face,
In one mouth wisdom, in the other dreams.

The Literary Guillotine

III

Wards in Chancery

THEREFORE, John Kendrick Bangs," said Mark Twain, addressing the convicted humorist, "the decision of the court is that you be taken from this place and confined in the State institution at Matteawan until such time as you shall have been pronounced recovered from your facetious hallucinations. Remove the prisoner."

"One moment, your honor!" cried Bangs anxiously. "Is that the asylum where the inmates thought I had been reporting their conversation? My life wouldn't be worth thirty cents there."

"No, that is not the place," replied Mark Twain. "But before you go let me give you one piece of advice: although birds of a feather flock together, remember when you have reached your destination that it is not a wise thing to utilize that feather as a quill for writing. Now go."

Without further attempt at parley, the author of thirty-three crimes turned and followed the court officer from the room, preserving to the very end the jaunty, confident air which he had worn since the beginning of the trial. It was impossible altogether to suppress a feeling of misplaced sympathy with him. There was, however, but little time for the indulgence of this weakness, as the presiding judge had already begun to address the Professor before his partner in crime had vanished from sight.

"And now, James Brander Matthews," he said, sternly regarding the frightened author, "it becomes my duty to announce the decision of the court in your case. Although we feel that in some respects you are as guilty as the writer just sentenced, yet in view of the fact that it is impossible to conceive that many people have really read your stories, their malevolent influence thus being confined to the editor who published them and to one or two other unimportant persons, we have decided to release you under bonds of \$10 for good behavior. Are you prepared to furnish such a bond?"

"Yes, your honor, that is just the sum a magazine owes me for a serial I wrote for them. I'll ask them to pay me at once."

Mark Twain groaned.

"Good heavens! have you no perception of the seriousness of your position, that you talk about a serial? If that story appears, you are a lost man. I shall, therefore, commit you until you have secured a bond from some other source. Remember, though, no serials, no 'vignettes,' no 'royal marines.' Do you understand?"

The Professor nodded.

"Remove him," ordered Mark Twain, and the Professor was led away to temporary confinement. It may be as well to state at this point that a few hours later the bond for his good behavior was furnished by one of his

colleagues, who had indignantly denounced the "Guillotine" in the journal of which he chanced to be the editor, regardless of the danger he himself ran of becoming its victim.

The disposition here recorded of the cases of Bangs and the Professor had taken place at the opening of the third sitting of the Literary Emergency Court, preliminary to the trial of the fourth offender on our lists. This was a woman, and it was with considerable trepidation, I confess, that we looked forward to the trial, knowing how deeply rooted in the American breast is the regard for woman, even though guilty of such crimes as "Robert Elsmere" and "Eleanor." Moreover, the present case, of course, was complicated by questions of international law; but on the principle that a crime is punishable in the country in which it is committed, we had decided to proceed with the trial on the charge solely of her American copyrights, trusting to the good sense of the English people not to quibble about so trivial a detail as nationality in so great a matter. Besides, did we allow this opportunity to bring her to justice to escape us, chance could hardly be counted on to deliver her into our hands a second time.

"Bring in the prisoner," said Mark Twain to one of the officers.

Instead of obeying, the man advanced and whispered something to him, so low that even I could not hear it.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mark Twain, turning to me, "he says there are two of them."

"Twins?" asked Herford.

"I don't think so, sir," replied the attendant; "leastwise, they don't look like it. One of 'em's tall and thin like, and the other's short and stout. They've been in the same cell since yesterday."

"Man or woman?" again inquired Herford.

"Oh, a female, your honor. Which one shall I bring in first?"

Mark Twain turned toward me inquiringly.

"We'd better have them both in, hadn't we?" I said. "That's the quickest way out of the difficulty."

"Bring in both, then," ordered the presiding judge; and we settled back in our seats to await the solution of the mystery.

"Two women shall be in one cell," quoted Herford irreverently, "one of them shall be taken and the other left. Great Scott!"

This exclamation was caused by the appearance in the doorway leading to the prisoners' quarters of a rather tall, severe-looking female figure, dressed in black and wearing gold-rimmed spectacles.

"'The Gates Ajar'!" cried Mark Twain. "I might have known."

Closely following the tall one came her whom we were expecting, the "other" twin, as Herford had styled her, the author of "Marcella" and "David Grieve." In her arms she carried a number of books, which proved to be a complete collection of her works. All our attention, however, was needed for the other lady, who was in a high state of excitement. Looking neither to the right nor left, she advanced to the enclosure in front of our desks, when she came to a stop and stood regarding us with flashing eyes, struggling for speech.

"What—what does this—mean?" she at last succeeded in ejaculating. "Why am I imprisoned in this manner and kept confined all night in a cell with—with this creature? What does it mean—tell me!"

It was evident that the flood-gates of tears were about to be set ajar unless preventive measures were quickly taken.

"Madam, madam," said Mark Twain deprecatingly, "I beg of you,

be calm! There is some horrible mistake here, I assure you. It was never intended that you should be arrested."

"I can't hear you!" was the tearful plaint. "I can't hear anything! Oh my, oh my, this too!"

"Tell her to take the cotton out of her ears, then," said Mark Twain, addressing Loomis.

"Take the cotton out of your ears!" thundered the prosecuting attorney. The second attempt to make her hear was successful.

"Oh my, I forgot!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands to her ears and removing the obstruction. "Now I hear everything. I put the cotton in because the woman you put me in the cell with insisted on telling me the detailed story of 'Lady Rose's Daughter.' My face burns with shame at the recollection."

"I sympathize with your sensations, madam," said Mark Twain, "and I hope you will accept our apology for this unfortunate accident. The similarity of names must have been at the bottom of the whole trouble."

By this time, with the unexpected recovery of her hearing and the prospect of immediate release, the purveyor of celestial literature had begun somewhat to recover her usual equanimity.

"And now, Mrs. Ward," said Mark Twain encouragingly, "will you kindly explain to the court how and when you were arrested?"

"Well, your honor," replied the tall lady, "there is very little to tell. I had come down to this wicked city from Boston for a day or two, and had gone to my usual temperance hotel. Yesterday as I was sitting in my room, drinking a glass of sarsaparilla and writing on my new book, 'The Gates Unhinged,' suddenly a young man threw open the door and advanced toward me.

"Are you Mrs. Ward?" he inquired fiercely.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Ward," I replied; 'but by what right—'

"You are arrested for the crime of 'Robert Elsmere,'" he interrupted, 'come along!'

"In vain I protested that I was not the person he wanted; that I had never written so wicked a book—he would not listen to a word, but forced me to come with him to this place, where they locked me in with that woman who insisted on telling me the story of 'Lady Rose's Daughter.'"

"Well, Mrs. Ward," said Mark Twain, "I can only repeat my apology and assure you that no such inhuman punishment was intended. Indeed, your arrest was altogether a mistake. Since you are here, however, I will take this opportunity of telling you that as a matter of fact we did examine into your record, and that although there was nothing found—er—deserving of an indictment, yet there are one or two minor points of which the court desires to warn you, purely in a friendly way, you understand. Mr. Loomis, I think you have the notes to which I refer. Will you please convey the court's admonition to the lady at the bar."

"Madam," said Loomis, rising, "I am, as you see, almost young enough to be your husband—your son, so that it is with a certain reluctance that I fulfil the court's command. However, it is my duty to obey. The points in your writings referred to by his honor are relatively unimportant, but of course nothing can be deemed absolutely unimportant in works dealing with heaven and its daily life. Information regarding no other place of which I can think, with one exception, is of such vital interest. However, it is not primarily of the celestial side of your writings that I wish to speak, but of the terrestrial, save that we should like to have your assurance that the marriage in heaven of the young lady in 'The Gates Beyond' with the husband of

another woman is borne out by your other revelations, so that no one may be disappointed in his or her hopes of getting a divorce after life's fitful dream. You got your information straight, did you?"

"You may rest perfectly assured on that point," was the reply; "although I do not quite approve of your flippancy way of putting it."

"Your assurance will be welcome, Mrs. Ward," said the prosecuting attorney gravely, "to thousands of people throughout the country, I am sure. However, it is of other matters that I desire to speak. From time to time in your writings you have allowed, doubtless unwittingly, certain expressions of a vulgar nature to slip in which, we fear, may tend to tarnish the minds of the members of the Epworth League and the King's Daughters who may chance upon them. Thus, for instance, on page 59 of 'The Gates Ajar,' you say: 'Uncle Forceythe wanted mission-work, and mission-work he found here (in Kansas) with—I should say with a vengeance, if the expression were exactly suited to an elegantly constructed and reflective journal.' Of course, Mrs. Ward, I have but to read this paragraph for you to see its impropriety—such an expression has no place, even apologetically, in an elegantly constructed and reflective journal."

"You are right, Mr. Loomis," said the authoress; "I shall see that it does not occur in the next edition. Is there anything more?"

"Yes, madam, I am sorry to say there is; this time quite a serious matter. The members of the court have deeply regretted to see that your influence has been thrown in favor of hasty and ill-considered marriages, instead of tending to inculcate in young people the wisdom of delay and prayerful consideration in such matters. Thus, on page 21 of 'The Gates Between,' you allow your hero to say: 'Be that as it

may, beyond my reach for yet another year she did remain. Gently as she inclined toward me, to love she made no haste.' Yet five pages later on we find this sensational announcement: 'A year from the time of my most blessed accident beside the trout-brook—in one year and two months from that day—my lady and I were married.' Mrs. Ward, can you not make that seven years?"

"Well, I might," she replied, doubtfully. "Suppose, though, we compromise on five years?"

"Well, I think that will do," said Loomis; "but don't forget the two months."

"No, sir, I won't."

"And now, if the court please, I have finished with the present writer, and unless your honors desire to examine her I shall excuse her."

"One moment, Mrs. Ward," said Mark Twain, "I should like to ask you a question. Did you write 'The Confessions of a Wife'?"

"Mr. Clemens," was the stiff reply, "I am surprised that you should ask me this question in open court, as you must remember when you first told me you were writing such a story I suggested for it the name 'True Love Ajar.'"

For the first time in my experience Mark Twain was embarrassed. Somewhat sharply he replied:

"Madam, you seem to have preserving on your mind. You are excused, but do not leave the room; we may want you as a witness. Call the case."

"Mary Augusta Ward to the bar!" rang out through the room.

With a start the great English authoress woke from the perusal of 'David Grieve' and rose to her feet.

"You have not heard the indictment read, I believe?" said Mark Twain.

"No."

"Do you wish to hear it?"

"No."

"Have you counsel to defend you, or shall we assign you counsel?"

"Neither—I do not recognize your right to try me. Do you realize who I am?"

"I think so, madam."

"I am Mrs.—Humphrey—Ward, author of 'Marcella,' 'Robert Elsmere,' 'Sir George Tressady,' 'Eleanor,' and other novels."

"You admit it, then?"

The prisoner regarded him in speechless astonishment.

"You don't seem to understand me, sir—I am Mrs. Humphrey Ward, niece of Matthew Arnold."

"Madam," replied Mark Twain, "you force me to remind you of a remark which your uncle once made. 'If it had been intended that there should be a novelist in our family,' said the great critic, 'I should have been the novelist.' He made that remark late in life."

Mrs. Ward drew herself up stiffly and an angry flush overspread her face.

"Be that as it may," she said, with great dignity, "I refuse to discuss the matter with you. I am an English subject, and I have appealed to my ambassador at Washington. You shall smart for this outrage."

"Perhaps—later on. But at present I shall have to ask you to plead to the indictment. Are you guilty or innocent of the crime of *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters? What say you?"

"I refuse to plead."

"Enter a plea of not guilty. Proceed to draw the jury, Mr. Loomis. You have the special panel of Italians for 'Eleanor,' I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. I will have the names called."

Under the circumstances there was, of course, little difficulty experienced in securing twelve men to try the accused, as none of them was challenged. All of them were of Italian parentage

or birth, and a more bloodthirsty looking set of men it would be hard to find. It was evident that they had read "Eleanor."

"Now, Mr. Loomis, are you ready to begin?" asked Mark Twain when the last jurymen had taken his seat.

Before Loomis could reply, however, a court attendant pushed his way to the front and handed the presiding judge a card. He glanced at it, and then so far forgot himself as to whistle. Then he held it out for me to see.

"Hall Caine" was the name that met my astonished eyes. But there was no time for comment, for the man who looked like Shakespeare was rapidly advancing toward us, regardless of the angry murmurs of the crowd.

"Order in the court!"

As the newcomer ascended the steps of the dais on which were our chairs, Mark Twain rose to receive him, and I, of course, did likewise. Herford, on the other hand, remained immovable in his chair, busied with a sketch of Cain killing his brother Abel.

"We are much honored by this visit, Sir Hall," said Mark Twain, extending his hand to the lord of Greeba Castle. "Let me present my colleagues."

This, of course, forced Herford to rise, which he did with a very bad grace.

"Permit a slight correction on my part, Mr. Clemens," said the great novelist, as he prepared to seat himself in the cushioned chair which had been placed for him between Mark Twain's and mine, "I am without title—as yet."

"Pardon me," said Mark Twain, with a bow.

"Don't mention it," replied the Manxman graciously, as he settled himself between us. "Ah, Mr. Clemens, this is a most auspicious occasion. You are doing a noble work, sir, a noble work."

"We think so, Sir—Mr. Caine; we

think so. But our labors have only just begun. Just wait until you see whom we bring to trial next time. We had hardly dared to hope, though, to induce you to attend our sittings."

"I was at the photographer's when word reached me of to-day's session," was the reply; "but despite the fact that I had only had seventeen postures taken, I immediately broke off and hurried around to urge you to prosecute this case relentlessly. The slightest admixture of mercy would here be out of place. Why, to show you the enormity of this writer's crimes, I need only mention the fact that several of her novels have sold almost as extensively as my own."

"No—is it as bad as that?" cried Mark Twain, incredulously. "Perhaps later you yourself will take the stand against her?"

"No, no! People would say that I was actuated by jealousy. Of course, such a thing is as foolish as though Alfred Austin were accused of being jealous of Kipling—I mean the other way round—but you know how ready the world is to impute unworthy motives. But, come, I must no longer interrupt the trial. Pray continue, and from time to time I will give you the benefit of my suggestions."

"Thank you. But pardon me one moment."

Thereupon Mark Twain wrote a few words on a slip of paper, folded it, and handed it to an officer without showing it either to Herford or myself.

"Now, Mr. Loomis," he said, "please continue the case."

I glanced at Herford's sketch. He had finished it, and underneath were the words: "And Caine said, My punishment is greater than I can bear."

What did Herford mean by that?

"May it please the court," began Loomis slowly, "I shall make no speech in opening this case; I shall let it speak for itself; it is perfectly able to. If the

accused is agreeable, however, I should like to question her in regard to a few points in her writings."

Loomis paused for a reply, but none was forthcoming.

"Do you hear, Mrs. Ward?" said Mark Twain. "The prosecuting attorney wishes to know whether you are willing to go on the stand."

Slowly the authoress raised her eyes from the pages of "Helbeck of Banisdale" to the face of the presiding judge.

"I have announced once for all that I refuse to recognize your right to try me," she said with dignity. "Kindly permit me to read undisturbed."

Mark Twain scratched his head in perplexity, and leaned across in front of our distinguished visitor to consult with me.

"I declare, I'm at a loss what to do with this woman," he said helplessly. "Can we go on and condemn her unheard? What do you think?"

"Tut, tut!" interrupted Caine impatiently, "hasn't she made herself heard enough all these years? She's trying to bluff you. She knows it's her only chance."

"What do you think about it, Herford?"

"Well," replied that individual quietly, "one thing's certain—dead women write no tales."

"Continue, Mr. Loomis," said Mark Twain.

"May it please the court," said Loomis, in obedience to the command, "although the refusal of the accused to take the stand is regrettable, chiefly for the reason that we cannot now hope to learn what great personage of the past she is the reincarnation of, yet it simplifies the matter surprisingly. Indeed, in view of the intelligence of the present jury, it would be safe, I feel sure, to submit the case to them on the ground of 'Eleanor' alone. Still, to do so would not be to do my full duty.

I shall, therefore, beg the indulgence of the court while I read one or two short extracts from the writings of the accused, that the jury may form some idea as to the justice of the indictment. I think, also, such a proceeding will set us right in the eyes of posterity. For this purpose I have selected at random one or two passages from the pages of 'Robert Elsmere' leading up to and during the solicitation of Robert for Catherine's love. It was a strenuous time—so strenuous, indeed, that the chronicler of their wooing became somewhat confused in her use of the English language. At the beginning of this duel of love, we are informed: 'And she (Catherine) turned to him deadly pale, the faintest, sweetest smile on her lips.' In view of that 'deadly' paleness, it never surprised me that Robert hesitated thirty pages longer with his proposal. But at last it came, that beautiful declaration of love which lasts for so many hours and which can be unreservedly and verbatim recommended to young men contemplating a proposal of marriage in a storm on the mountain-side. 'Send me out to the work of life maimed and sorrowful, or send me out your knight, your possession, pledged.' To be sure, this is somewhat suggestive of a transaction at the pawnbroker's, but, of course, that was unintentional. I have read this passage to you, however, not primarily for its own sake, touching though it be, but that it might serve as a standard of comparison, as they say in trials where questions of handwriting are involved, with the beautiful extract which I am now about to read. Kindly give me your undivided attention. 'She is a tall, grave woman, with serious eyes and dead-brown hair, the shade of withered leaves in autumn, with a sad, beautiful face. It is the face of one who has suffered and been patient; who, from the depths of a noble, selfless nature,

looks out upon the world with mild eyes of charity; a woman, yet a girl in years, whom one termed his pearl among women.'"

Hardly had Loomis ceased to read before Mrs. Ward was on her feet.

"I protest," she exclaimed, her voice shaking with emotion, "I protest against the practice of the prosecuting attorney to read extracts from my works dissociated from the context. It is not fair to me. Who would pretend to judge 'Hamlet' from one scene, or the 'Divine Comedy' from one canto? That passage must be read in connection with the whole mosaic of which it is a part."

"Madam," said Loomis quietly, at the close of this outbreak, "you declared at the beginning of the trial that you would refuse to defend yourself. Had you stuck to this decision you would have been wise. I did not say that the extract which I just read was from your pen. It was not. What would you say did I tell you that it was from the pen of that eminent novelist, Hall Caine? I did not think you would fall into the trap so easily."

For a moment there was silence in the room. Then some one in the rear laughed, and a ripple of mirth swept over the assembly.

"Silence in the court!"

Hall Caine was bursting with rage.

"This is an outrage!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could find words to express his feelings, "an unpardonable impertinence! To impute my work to the author of 'David Grieve'! Mr. Clemens, I demand an apology for this insult, or I shall leave the court-room."

"One moment, one moment, Mr. Caine!" said Mark Twain in his most soothing manner. "Be calm, I beg of you. Surely you must see that this insult was not contemplated. It was the result solely of youthful indiscretion on the part of the prosecuting attorney. You will have ample oppor-

tunity to protest openly, ample opportunity. But, as you must realize, this is not the proper time for it. We must first finish this trial. Have but a little patience."

It was a difficult matter to quiet the lord of the Castle, but at last, on Mark Twain's repeated assurance that the offended author would enjoy occasion to protest publicly against this unauthorized use of his name, the great man consented to waive the matter for the present. Mark Twain then instructed Loomis to continue the trial.

"I had contemplated calling a specialist on vivisection," said Loomis, addressing the court, "to testify to Mrs. Ward's inhuman treatment of Sir George Tressady by torturing him to death by inches through thirty pages and more, even reviving him at the moment when it seemed that his sufferings had at last reached an end, but in view of the strength of the case already made out against her, I do not feel that it will be necessary further to encroach on the time of the court and of this intelligent jury. I shall, therefore, rest the case for the State with this single admonition: Remember 'Eleanor.'"

"Do you wish to call any witnesses for the defence?"

No reply.

"Mrs. Ward, do you wish to call any witnesses for the defence?"

Still no reply. Evidently all the attention of the accused was needed for one of the humorous scenes in "David Grieve."

"Do you desire to address the jury, Mr. Loomis?"

"No, your honor; I think that will be unnecessary."

"Well, then, it only remains for me to charge them. Gentlemen of the jury, you——"

Thus far had Mark Twain got in his address when a sudden commotion at the entrance caused him to pause. A

moment later a messenger was making his way toward us. I watched him with fascinated eyes, a premonition of the truth in my heart.

"A message from Washington, sir," said the man, stopping before the presiding judge and handing him a large, official envelope.

With trembling fingers Mark Twain tore off the cover and spread out the contents to view. This is what met our eyes:

"Mrs. Ward's arrest threatens to cause a revolution among the shop-keeping classes of London. Protest against her trial has therefore been made by the British ambassador. Her immediate discharge from custody is ordered. Signed, The President of the United States."

There was a sob beside me, and I turned to see a tear fall from Hall Caine's nose.

"Oh, what a blow literature has suffered this day!" he moaned. "Nothing else under heaven could have saved her!"

Mark Twain was the first to recover his presence of mind.

"Let the accused stand up," he commanded in a voice that brooked no hesitation.

"Mary Augusta Ward," he said, addressing the surprised authoress, "owing to executive clemency I am forced herewith to discharge you from custody. You may leave the court."

For a moment she made no reply.

"Ah!" she cried at last. "Did I not tell you that England never deserted her great sons and daughters?"

Therewith she quickly gathered together her complete works, and with a glance of triumph at our dejected countenances she turned and swept down the aisle through the rows of angry, threatening people and disappeared into the street.

In a few appropriate words Mark Twain then discharged the jury, and,

rising, he started to withdraw, too disappointed to trust himself to speak. Herford and I prepared to follow him, but Hall Caine still continued to sit, crushed by the blow that had fallen, his eyes fixed on space. But suddenly he aroused himself and rose to leave. Without a word he descended the steps of the dais and started toward the exit.

"One moment, there," said an officer, stepping to his side and tapping him on the shoulder, "you are wanted."

"I am wanted—what do you mean?" cried the novelist, suddenly awaking to full energy.

"I hereby arrest you for the crime of 'The Christian,' 'The Eternal

City,' and numerous other novels. Come with me."

For an instant it seemed as though the man who looked like Shakespeare was about to make a dash for Mark Twain, who had stopped to watch the arrest. But with sudden self-control he forced down his rage and drew himself up with great dignity.

"So, that is the manner in which you distinguish between genius and its opposite in literature!" he said scathingly. "For this arrest your name will go down to posterity as that of a vandal. Lead on, gaoler, I submit to barbaric force!"

So that was the meaning of the writing beneath Herford's sketch!

Villanelle

Englished from the French of Jean Passerat by A. Lenalie.

I have lost my dove for aye;
Stilled her notes of ecstasy:
I would follow her alway.

Dost regret thy mate's brief stay?
This, alas! befalleth me;
I have lost my dove for aye.

None doth thy true love allay?
So, too, love I faithfully:
I would follow her alway.

Thou renew'st thy plaint each day?
Ever plaining must I be;
I have lost my dove for aye.

Now, Earth's fairest flown away,
Naught else beautiful I see;
I would follow her alway.

Death, to whom so oft I pray,
Take thou him who turns to thee;
I have lost my dove for aye;
I would follow her alway.

This famous model, complete in nineteen lines, fulfills the conditions now held strictly binding for the form of French verse called the Villanelle.

Petrarch's Last Sonnet; or, Three-Quarters of an Hour at Vaucluse

BY HENRY TYRRELL

INQUIRE not too curiously," said Petrarch, "why I am here, nor how I came, at this time, in what you seem to think such questionable shape. Those things which you are pleased to call the mysteries of Life and Death are commonplaces to me. On my part, I readily forbear asking tedious explanations of you, gentle voyager from a wild western land unmarked upon the maps, until discovered by a Genovese compatriot of mine."

"Yes—I'm from New York," put in the American Poet-Editor, who was improving the opportunity of a month's vacation to make a tour of Provence.

"From New York, and yet you would discourse of poetry—nay, even claim to be a laureate *en gaye science*?"

"That's what," answered Mr. R. W. Gilder, with modest insistence. "I have been persuaded to accept a complimentary membership with the *Félibres*, or New Troubadours of Avignon. Here are my published poems, in the American language, to which I owe that exotic honor. But, doubtless, my verses will be as unintelligible to you as the Provençal of the *Félibres* is to me."

He handed Petrarch a little mouse-colored volume, bearing the Century imprint, and entitled "Sonnets, Lyrics, and The Celestial Passion."

"Welcome, then, savage bard, to my rustic solitude of the Vallis Clausa. Sojourn with me here a while, and you shall tell me of the rude native songs of your people."

Mr. Gilder looked at his watch, nervously, and said:

"I can give you three-quarters of an hour. You see, unfortunately, this meeting of ours is a chance one, and not by previous appointment. I ran out here to Vaucluse merely to get a few snapshots of the Fountain, and of your house—which latter, by the way, I am glad to have you vouch for as authentic, so that I can publish a picture of it in the Magazine. Now, it is a four-mile drive from here to l'Isle-sur-Sorgue, where I have to catch the train back to Avignon—and I wouldn't like to be out after dark."

Petrarch offered him refreshment, in the form of a rare Rhine wine from Châteauneuf-des-Papes; but the Poet-Editor declined it with graceful thanks, saying he never took anything stronger than milk-and-water.

Knowing little English, and less United States, Petrarch turned the leaves of the Century book in vague perplexity. Mr. Gilder came to his aid, and translated some of the titles into French or Italian, according to his hazards of vocabulary in those tongues.

"A 'Drinking Song'?" repeated Petrarch, pausing at one of these selections. "I thought you told me you looked not upon the wine."

"Merely symbolical—the figurative expression of a spiritual, not spirituous, mood," replied the Poet-Editor hastily; and he improvised a free translation of the following stanza:

"Hope not thou to live hereafter
In men's memories and laughter,
When, 'twixt hearth and ringing rafter

Death thee shall call.

For we both shall be forgotten,
Friend, when thou and I are rotten
And the grave hides all."

The Italian looked very glum at this, and scowled as he finally said:

"Speak for yourself, Signor Americano. Kindly leave me out. Not so fast, if you please, about our *both* being 'rotten.' Whatever opinion your contemporaries may hold as to your verses, mine have lasted some five centuries already, and still live in men's memories, if not in their laughter."

Mr. Gilder hastened to change the subject, and began to talk about the sonnet.

"You will be pleased to know, my dear Petrarca," he said, "that the artful fourteen-line stanza which you so affected has become the favorite and recognized vehicle of poetic expression in our great Republic."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It's a fact, and I can prove it by statistics. My friend Mr. Stedman has compiled an American Anthology, showing that in our vast country there are only about five hundred poets, including himself and all his personal and family acquaintances. Now, as a practical magazine-editor, I can assert positively, of my own knowledge, that there are over five thousand sonneteers, male and female."

"Are you one of them?"

"Er—well, I have written a sonnet on the sonnet. Listen:

"What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell

That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;

A precious jewel carved most curiously;

It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell

From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;

A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah, me!

Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;

The solemn organ whereon Milton played,

And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:

A sea is this—beware who ventureth!

For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid

Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls."

"H'm. I don't see anything particularly the matter with that," mused Petrarch. "Of course, I am at a disadvantage, not understanding your language. Still, I couldn't help noticing that my name was not among those you mentioned. Where do I come in?"

"The fact is," faltered Mr. Gilder, visibly embarrassed, "writing as I did for the home circle, I thought it prudent on moral grounds to leave you out. Not that I am personally an extremist in such matters; but, amongst the English-speaking races, there is undoubtedly a strong popular prejudice against any hint of irregularity in the relations of the sexes, don't you know. Of course it is a well understood historical fact that Madame Laura, to whom all your sonnets are addressed, was a married woman, and—ahem!—not *your* wife."

There was a dangerous glint in the Italian's eyes—Mr. Gilder wondered if he carried a stiletto—but he continued his interrogation calmly enough.

"Are those other poets, whose names I don't recall, the approved models of propriety?"

"Milton is safe, and so is Dante—for his love sonnets, like King Solomon's Canticles, have been pronounced purely allegorical. Shakespeare—well, Shakespeare is a great classic, an exception to all rules; so we have to give him the benefit of the doubt."

"But those five thousand American sonneteers—don't they write about love unconstrainedly?"

"Not in 'Old Hundred.'"

"'Old Hundred'?"

"Yes. That is the name of my Magazine. It is the limit—I mean the standard, leading high-class, or thirty-five-cent, illustrated periodical. Everybody reads it."

"Does everybody write in it?"

"Oh, no. We are very particular about that. Our contributors are all celebrated writers, mostly Generals and Admirals. We make a serious attempt to maintain a humorous and cheerful tone. We keep heavily stocked with material in the lighter vein. Josiah Flynt writes regularly about Tramps. Our poetry is by such singers as Charles De Kay, Clinton Scollard, Edith Matilda Thomas, Hildegard Hawthorne, Carolyn Wells, and John B. Tabb. I write, also."

"Would you accept a poem from me?" asked Petrarch, growing interested.

"Why—we should be very glad to examine anything of yours," answered "Old Hundred's" editor, warily.

"Here is an unpublished sonnet, which possibly you might like."

He produced a manuscript-scroll, which Mr. Gilder took and perused with apparently unfeigned enthusiasm, murmuring:

"I could translate it, if suitable. Let's see. This first line—

"*E quale è quei che disvuol ciò che volle,*"

might be rendered in English:

"'As one who unwilling that which he did will,'"

and so forth. Yes—a sonnet from your pen, translated by mine, and above all beginning with the magic formula, "As one who," ought to be worthy of a place in 'Old Hundred.' I'll let you know promptly, in any case. And, now, so long, Petrarca! *Grazie—mille grazie!* I must catch that train. *A rivederci!*"

Some three months later, a long envelope bearing the New York postmark and addressed to "F. Petrarch, Esq., Vaucluse, France," turned up at Avignon. It was forwarded from there with the added superscription, "Try Arqua, Italy." Eventually it landed in the Italian Dead Letter Office, whence it was sent back to America; and, having been opened, was found to contain the rejected manuscript of a sonnet, accompanied by a note from the editorial office of "Old Hundred," saying:

"Dear Sir:—

"We are very sorry to have to return this manuscript, which you kindly submitted; but upon careful consideration it proves unadapted to the special requirements of 'Old Hundred.' We have on hand enough similar material, previously accepted, to supply the needs of the Magazine for several decades to come. Moreover, we are compelled to make up our plans so far in advance, that the earliest possible number in which we could have published your contribution would have been a year from next March. Thanking you for letting us read it, we are,

"Very truly yours,

"THE EDITORS.

"P.S. We never use translations."

Tragedy and the American Spirit

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

TRAGEDY in America is dying of neglect. Not so abroad. Ibsen is a prophet even in Norway: in Germany Goethe lives: in France, while Racine exists on Government bounty, Réjane and Antoine carry modern plays as poignant, if less perfect, to success: in England Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Tree, Sir Henry Irving face their stolid public with Björnsen, Stephen Phillips, and Shakespeare (somewhat bedizened). But here the Syndicate demurs, and when Maude Adams, for example, begs permission to play Juliet, "Who," asks the Syndicate, "who, my dear Miss Adams, is Juliet?"

So at least runs the legend, and few are the legends not founded on fact. But though a fact, the Syndicate's indifference is not fundamental. It is merely a symbol of the public's indifference. If the public craved tragedy, the Syndicate would submit. But how much does even the best of the public—how much do you and I and the matinee girl—care for King Lear and for Oedipus. In our hearts we prefer the Rogers Brothers. No wonder, then, if tired typewriters and commercial travellers flock frankly to "Florodora," and leave tragedy to die.

So much for the surface aspect, an aspect after all far from hopeless. If matters were really no worse than this, tragedy might rise again, might actually thrive as it seems to thrive when American curiosity, with six thousand

eyes, stares night after night at Sir Henry Irving or Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But curiosity is no gauge of kinship; and curiosity, even the most appreciative, even the most sympathetic, cannot naturalize life alien to the soul. Such is tragedy: to the American spirit pagan, strange, outworn. And this, not for superficial reasons, but because our basic preconceptions and those of tragedy are utterly at odds.

At first blush this seems preposterous. While the world lasts, there must be pain and death and the horror of moral evil, and every sane spirit—and the American spirit is essentially sane—must meet these things and face them. But the tragic spirit faces them in one way, the American in another. And the difference remains unnoticed only because tragedy is little by little losing its tragic soul.

Go back to Aeschylus, and the antagonism grows clear:

"Lo, in grim earnest the world
Is shaken, the roar of thunders
Reverberates; gleams the red levin,
And whirlwinds lick up the dust.
All the blasts of the winds leap out
And meet in tumultuous conflict,
Confounding the sea and the heavens.
'Tis Zeus who driveth his furies
To smite me with terror and madness."

Instinctively we recoil from this hap-

less majesty. Its despair is alien to us; the hostile god behind it, pagan and strange. Yet such despair is the essence of tragedy; such a god, with his hostility, is its *sine qua non*. In Sophocles, it is the god Fate driving the unconscious Oedipus hideously into sin, and punishing him, though innocent, with self-inflicted blindness and with horror and endless remorse. In Shakespeare at his somberest, 'tis the malignantly equivocating god Witchcraft who lures the weak Macbeth where

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor
player
That struts and frets his hour upon
the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a
tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and
fury,
Signifying nothing."

Finally, in Ibsen, it is the god Inheritance, that hostile deity who, in "Ghosts," punishes Oswald, for his father's wantonness, with imbecility.

If this be the essence of tragedy, need we mourn that the American Jugernaut has crushed every chance of its popularity? The typewriters flocking to "Florodora" are wiser than they know. With gay sanity they are slaughtering what might else pervert us. For their sake, library dust lies thick on the tragic masterpiece; and all is well. Saner masterpieces, embodiments of modern victory, will the sooner rise to supplant them.

Tragedy in America is dead. It may rise again in some flickering resurrection; but the flame of it is fated, has been fated from the first. The vision of life which it revealed was transient and barbaric, that of a primitive people cowering before the apparent hostility of Nature, and fearing it as God. The vision shifted. From the Zeus of Aeschylus it became Sophocles' Fate.

Darkened by Judaism, softened by Christianity, it changed during the middle ages into that Being, half vengeful Jehovah, half Christ and comforter, the Monastic God. Time passed. The Comforter drew near. And though life at its worst seemed hopeless, death finally smiled: This was Shakespeare's more peaceful vision. This it was which made him say of Lear:

"Oh, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough
world
Stretch him out longer."

And to Hamlet:

"Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy
rest."

Now this Shakespearian view of things has a beauty which appeals deeply to most of us. Some it even satisfies. But these are muddle-headed or foreign at heart. Your clear-witted American does not act on Shakespeare's assumptions. Rather he ignores them, and that as serenely as the Elizabethan ignored the Zeus of Aeschylus. Nor is the reason far to seek. Zeus, the type of a hostile Nature, was remote from Elizabethan experience: quite as remote from our experience is the baffling Nature made flesh in the God of Shakespeare. Half hostile, half friendly, a God divided against Himself, He puzzled and tortured. His uncomprehended lightnings flashed to no purpose; His revelations left man a stranger on the earth. Our God is single, all-pervading, infinitely kind.

Through his inspiration, we know ourselves at one with the world. As never since the beginning, Nature is our friend; its soul responds to ours; its laws conform to our guesses, or refute them only to teach us guesswork more prophetic; its forces join themselves to

our strength, or confound it only to reveal to us forces more divine. Divinity at last transfuses the outer universe; through man the same divinity wells up singing toward the sunshine; and as our vision clears, we see in the fall of a storm-racked oak and in the gleam of a friend's eye the same and eternal life.

Sheer mysticism, this? Far otherwise. It is the one practical and rigidly necessary assumption of our daily life. Without it science would be an illusion, democracy madness, philanthropy a mush. If God's law did not animate the activity of atoms as well as the life of man's mind, testing chemical hypotheses by experiment would be, not a communion with Nature, but a making of mud pies. If God's reason did not glow, whether brightly or dully, in every man's opinions, a popular election would be, not the sacrament that it is, but mere mummery, a counting of stupid noses. If God's will did not struggle upward in each guttersnipe's aspiration, giving the guttersnipe opportunities would be, not worship, but a watering of weeds. Consciously or unconsciously, however, we make the great assumption. We trust in the divinity of life, and life backs us up. The three-armed, the four-armed, and the one-armed atom, which a chemical hypothesis states should be able to join hands and dance in two different groups, actually do so; and thus, of the same elements, form two different substances. Pat and Jonathan, Carl and Juan, whom we trust with the ballot, march to the polling booth and elect Lincoln, Cleveland, McKinley; and a nameless child, transplanted from New York slums to the plains of Texas, makes of himself a State Governor.

To these and all our successes the great assumption is necessary. Yet still more needful is its inspiration in facing our failures. Tragic indeed would be the plight of slaves and waifs

and Confederate soldiers, were it not for the conscious or unconscious feeling that divinity lurks also in the calamities of life. Lacking this sense, the enslaved Prometheus cried out desperately against Zeus, and François Villon took to theft and found the gallows, and Boulanger shot himself through the heart. Possessing it, if only partially, Booker Washington, the former slave, has lived to say, "Notwithstanding the cruelty and moral wrong of slavery, the ten million negroes who went through the school of American slavery are in a stronger and more hopeful condition, materially, intellectually, morally, and religiously, than any others in the world." And General Wheeler, who might well be a continual mourner for the South, makes of its shattered aristocracy friends for the new democracy; and with their aid fights our battles against Spain.

Thus in defeat the American sows the seeds of victory; and while these still lie in ground watered with tears and blood, he knows already the beauty of their flowering. For there is no event, not the worst, but God is of and in it. And for Oedipus in his remorse and Oswald in his imbecility, there is infinite certainty of good.

Toward this feeling men have groped from the beginning. It remains for us to make it vividly distinct. And this can best be done, not by argument or preaching, but by portraying the spirit in which God is most triumphant, the spirit, that is, in which Life most abounds. This is the American. Often, to be sure, it varies grotesquely from accepted standards. Inconsistent, iconoclastic, a vandal in certain moods, it tramples on things lovely and things old. A hater of priggishness, abhorring red tape, it cuts knots that it might unravel, lynches criminals it might reform, yet it holds to a rough, sweet sense of justice; shows, in its realest moments, a delicacy of deed and

feeling almost unforeshadowed. Not a follower of King René sang with the refinement or acted with the chivalry of Whittier or the occasional cow-puncher. And, paradoxical as it is, the fact is clear that in the heart of a Georgia mob, in Whittier's verse, and in the cow-puncher's respect for a woman, lives the same spirit whose largeness and delicacy, whose tenderness and unconquerable daring, make American life the most vital in the world.

And still the spirit lacks expression, still it awaits the full self-revelation which sooner or later must purge and reanimate our deeds. Emerson, of course, and Walt Whitman, Whittier, Holmes, Howells, suggested some of our principles, pictured a few of our traits. Of late, younger men, Charles Fergusson, John Jay Chapman, and Gerald Stanley Lee, have lit up the principles brilliantly from one side and another. In the face of spurious romance-makers, novelists more or less realistic, Mary E. Wilkins, Alice Brown, and Robert Herrick, have defined separate aspects of our life; Frank Norris, with all his Zolaesque tricks, sought and perhaps found an American largeness of view; and I. K. Friedman, in his story, "By Bread Alone," has crudely yet powerfully paralleled the sweep of forces which, through loss and bloodshed in the midst of clanging steel and all the huge fantasy of the Pittsburgh mills, taught Frick and the labor unions, some years ago, a lesson of saner courage. But Friedman and Fergusson are insufficient. Neither novel nor essay can reveal the American spirit. The American spirit is too vital to be revealed in anything but deeds, and deeds can be known in their living significance only through that one art of action, the drama.

If the American spirit is to know itself, it must be through American plays. Yet our stage is littered with

the most un-American truck and garbage. Not only is tragedy dead in America; but the drama which shall face evil with triumph, remains unborn. Even American comedy must often stand aside while our audiences gorge and besot themselves with adaptations and "comic" operas. Disgusted perhaps with these, they vary their diet with the slime, let us say, of "Iris." Then, as the Bible has it, the dog returns to his vomit; the Syndicate smiles; and night after night the feast goes on.

But here and there, timidly at first, then courageously, actors, managers, playwrights, protest; and gradually their protests crystallize as deeds. Hoyt writes "A Temperance Town"; Harrigan and Hart play "Cordelia's Aspirations"; Thomas gives us "Arizona"; Clyde Fitch, "The Climbers"; Gillette, "Secret Service"; Hearn produces his own "Margaret Fleming" and "Shore Acres"; and in Mrs. Fiske's New York theatre Frank Keenan last spring played "The Honorable John Grigsby."

Uneven achievements, you will say; and so they are. But with all their varied follies, these plays share the merit of dealing in a more or less American spirit with subjects distinctly American. What is more, they succeed; and succeeding, clear the path for plays more completely native. The American spirit is astir. In these plays it has seen itself in glimpses. Hereafter it will not rest till it has made for itself a mirror, strong as steel and clear as silver, in which to look all its changing aspects in the face.

Just how this mirror will be fashioned need hardly concern us. Where the American spirit feels a need it meets it, meets it with absolute daring and precision. Must a Burmese railroad cross the mountain gorge of the Chungzoune? We span it with the highest viaduct known. Must the factory

children be banished who have knotted together each breaking thread in the loom? We give the loom fingers of steel and a mechanical mind to direct them. Must our life be portrayed in a new drama? Doubtless with equal daring and delicacy the American spirit will invent it. Old forms and methods shall be stretched, altered, superseded; and fantasy, comedy, and the drama of evil shall stand forth living and renewed.

But what in general shall be their aspect? Strange and ungainly as many find our life? Yes, strange perhaps; but not ungainly. It is only natural that the delicacy which has graced American literature from the first should persist in American drama. Yet this, like the life it must reflect, will seem strange to unaccustomed eyes—strange with keen contrasts, with humor sometimes huge in its grotesqueness, and with courage bringing laughter victorious out of defeat. Courage, humor, delicacy, and contrast, these qualities spun together, strung and keyed up till they ring with the highest notes of American life, will give the drama an intensity destructive of convention. Artificial barriers smashed and forgotten, fantasy will transfuse comedy, and in the drama of evil, comedy, like lightning in the night, will reveal, behind the blackness, visions of a beauty yet more real.

Here one is tempted to leave one's dreams and guesses quite simply to the fostering or the refutation of time. But voices of protest ring sharply through the imagination, demanding an answer. "Does not this drama of the American spirit," asks one, "mean the driest didacticism?" "Is not the use of American material," asks another, "a massacre of the picturesque?" "Finally," asks a third, "does not the whole hope for a higher drama show commercial blindness literally too dense to perceive the Syndicate?"

These voices have their weight. One cannot ignore them. Yet they may be at least partially counterbalanced by a few thoughts which present themselves.

First, then, does such a drama as we hope for involve didacticism? If so, our hopes are a house of cards which a single touch of fact will bring flapping to the ground. For American audiences are bored by stage-preaching. Differing here from the French whom we so often resemble, we should balk at plays like Hervieu's "*Course du Flambeau*," in which, for the moral's sake, the characters are abstract types and the plot is a syllogism. Our audiences would rebel even against so masterly a didactic play as Brieux's "*Le Berceau*," produced not long since at the *Théâtre Français*. Its simplicity of plot would seem too bare, its moral too obtrusive, for even the intense vitality of the characters to redeem. But Brieux, in "*Le Berceau*," has an abstraction to expound. We, in our dramas, have a spirit to illustrate. And this may be done without preaching; yes, even without words—as *Soth-ern* has shown us in *Hamlet*. Instead of mutilating the end, as is usual on our stage, he retains the final entrance of Fortinbras, letting his soldiers lift the dead *Hamlet* on a shield and bear him aloft triumphant. Thus he makes not only the end, but by a sort of echo, the whole play ring with an overtone of gladness caught from the "flights of angels" that sing the "sweet prince" to his rest. Here is a lesson in the spiritual expressiveness of a silent deed. Following it freely, we may express the gayety and tenderness as well as the triumph of the American spirit by seizing on the words and deeds in which it lives most keenly.

But what of picturesqueness? By using American material shall we destroy this in our drama? The question reminds one of a remark on American

scenery. Said a very charming Harvard professor, "The mountains of America lack interest when compared, for example, with the Alps." Now if Mr. Norton would bestir himself, he might see the whiteness of Mount Rainier exquisitely reflected in the calms of Puget Sound; or the flame-colored peaks of the Grand Cañon thrusting themselves a mile terrifically upward from the depths. So with American life. Though it lacks the picturesqueness, say, of Victor Hugo's stageland, it possesses certain features far mightier and more gay—the picturesqueness of our thunderous mills, our Tammany Halls, our stock-markets, our creole carnivals, our flower-fêtes of the Southwest. And among these scenes move figures that posture, not with the cape and sword of an impossible Ruy Blas, but with a picturesqueness all the more striking for the lack of them. The very prose of trousers and frock-coats enhances the romance of Scannel's set jaw and Rockefeller's brain and Captain Leary's pathetically comic heart. Such men and their like make our life, if we can but see it, incomparably interesting. What is more, they add to the picturesqueness of all the world. Native bets to the contrary notwithstanding, American engineers set Baldwin locomotives whizzing through Syria. Despite mobs and ancestral curses, American electricians set their "ghost cars" whirring past the graveyards of Seoul. And why? Not merely for money's sake; but for the same unconscious reason that Leary washed and married the natives of Guam, and died without news of his promotion; for the same unconscious

reason that Scannel shot down his brother's murderer, and Rockefeller killed competition in the petroleum trade; for this reason, though they never guessed it—that American playwrights require subjects gravely as well as comically picturesque.

American life aids and abets the modern dramatist. Yet does not the Syndicate, that dragon of commerce, block his every path toward innovation? Yes; for the Syndicate hates risk. Rather than lose dollars, it would keep our drama forever rigid with convention. But this need not discourage us. Though it seems to mean our dramatic death, it means in fact the Syndicate's destruction. The dragon is doomed; and not—here's the certainty of it—not because he is commercial, but because he is commercially outgrown. Modern commerce, unlike the Syndicate, is not dull, is not narrowly selfish. Modern commerce is adventurous, even altruistic. The general freight agent of a Western railroad who does not found model dairies and keep the farmers informed as to the market price of milk is dubbed a back number. So it shall be with the stage. Though the Syndicate, not realizing it, lies dozing, it is doomed. Poor Syndicate, whom we thought so alertly modern, like Wagner's old dragon, he growls at us, "*Ich liege und besitze. Lass mich schlafen.*"—Let me sleep." But the new commerce is upon him, a very Siegfried for adventurous strength. Poor dragon! Let us hope that, though so sleepy, he shares enough of our light spirit to see the joke of his own destruction, and, seeing it, to laugh!

Why Writers Should Not Read

BERNARD G. RICHARDS

THERE is a superstition still extant that one must be well prepared to produce any literary work; that a writer needs more than a pencil and paper to perform any task. The scribe is expected to be armed to his teeth before he enters the battle of ideas. He should acquaint himself with the proceedings of the entire human meeting before he rises to ask for the earth and the attention of its inhabitants. He should know all the great things that have been said by others before he attempts to create.

Like many other superstitions, this had its origin in the dim and distant past, when everything that was difficult to understand was easily explained, and everything that was explained remained a mystery. As a matter of fact and sad experience, nothing so disarms one as literary equipment. To say nothing of winning the battle, the more one is armed the more often is one prevented from winning the contest.

Find out what others have said on this or that subject, and you are as likely as not to find that the subject has been exhausted—or nearly so. As it happens, the very ideas you have in your mind have already been used.

Some time ago a friend who contemplated writing an essay on "Temperament in Art," told me all he needed to do was to go to the public library and read up on the subject. When I met him later and asked him about the es-

say, he said that a few days in the library had completely disarmed him. After looking over everything that had been written on the subject, he reluctantly came to the conclusion that he had nothing to say. This is the usual experience among writers. I have heard of many such incidents. I myself have been cheated out of some excellent themes for literary productions, and now I am inclined to say, don't go to the library until the thing that was on your mind is already on paper and in the hands of the editor. It so happens that we find our most original ideas in the works of others. The most ingenious plots we can devise are in the novels of other people's making and our best effects have already been utilized by the great playwrights of the past.

Our thoughts, our fancies, our contentions, formulated and unformulated, we find them everywhere in cold, freezing type. Your fervid dreams, your feverish phantasies, your vague longings for expression, there they are in that volume and the name on the title-page is not yours. You open the book, and your pen falls from your hand. Someone else has taken your carriage to Fame.

The tragedy of literature is that the best things must be left unsaid, and it is often because other people have said them. The things we read are those that were on the tip of our tongue and

remained there. This is nothing to our detriment; it does not at all reflect against our talent; it does not disprove our originality; it only shows that some great people got ahead of us, that we arrived too late to write the classics. But now that we have come, we should not allow those who have anticipated us to outdo us still more.

The thing to do is to state what we have to say without consulting anybody; for in the quest of advice, or inspiration, we are in danger of losing that which we have. Original thoughts are original with many people and few ideas come to us that do not also reach others at about the same time—or much earlier. So that in reading up we often find ourselves so much out, find ourselves out of a job.

Everything has been said; yet volumes can be written on all seemingly exhausted subjects, providing one does not inform himself on how the subjects have been handled; providing one does not look up what has been said.

The thing to do is to write what is on one's mind, to escape all other opinions. Also, to do it now, for one might not think so well of his idea after a while, whether he makes preparation or not. It is wiser to do it now. Better a rejected manuscript than an unexpressed idea. As a last resort one

can always make a book out of a lot of rejected manuscripts.

There is another reason why writers should not read. The brilliant ideas of others make one ashamed of one's ideas, the faultless style of a master causes one to be sorry for one's own manner of expression, and the penetrating insight of others is frequently blinding. At best, one is liable to contract certain affectations and mannerisms; and as these are the only things you can ever contract without being called a plagiarist, what is the use of reading the writings of others? There is always likely to be enough originality in your own conceptions, enough novelty in your style, enough difference in their make-up to insure the acceptance of your products. If not, why, you may strike it rich anyway. There are editors who do not know the difference. At any rate, beware of literary preparation. Never mind what others have written. Work your own mine.

If the friend of whom I have spoken had written his essay on "Temperament in Art," without consulting any authorities, he would have added so much to his literary reputation, all would have been well, and no one would have been the wiser—not even his readers.

The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

WHAT need of sculptured bust and chiselled name
For these? The dust of death is not their doom,
Nor marble mask nor versicle of fame
Can seal their omnipresence in a tomb.

An echo, not an effigy, shall give
The children of the harp perpetual birth;
Why bury them in granite, when they live
In every nook and corner of the earth?

Schopenhauer

BY R. V. RISLEY

IN regard to Schopenhauer I am in a rather peculiar position.

The circumstances are as follows:

Some years ago, while in diplomatic life, in Denmark, I, in the way in which a boy may know an older man, formed a somewhat unusual friendship with a certain Doctor Alan W. Read, expatriated Quaker. He was at that time about sixty-five years of age; he had left America as a youth. He is now dead.

On his arrival in Europe he went to Frankfort on Main, where he passed some two years. Here it was his fortune to meet Arthur Schopenhauer under the following auspices:

Schopenhauer, who lived in another house, was in the habit of dining in the hotel where my then young friend resided, and, for some reason — my friend was an intellectual man in many strange ways — the philosopher admitted him to his company. He admitted no one else.

The two sat at the same little table at dinner every night for fourteen months.

The conversations which follow were remembered — through some prophetic instinct — by my friend and repeated to me. I here repeat them as nearly as possible as he told them. Probably to me alone of all the world are they thus known.

From his childhood the life of Arthur Schopenhauer was bitter, sordid, and desolate.

Born on the lonely edge of the Baltic, he was neglected by both his parents, finding a piteous comradeship in the companionship of a sister as lonely as himself.

His mother was of the Teutonically sentimental literary type, affected, morbid, shallowly subtle; prudishly obtuse; as classically erudite as she was unimaginatively unoriginal. She wrote dedicatory sonnets in the French style, and recited the odes of Schiller to an admiring circle of lackadaisical women in her austere and Hellenic drawing-room — a drawing-room sedate, yet flimsy, in the style of the artist David. She wore white silk stockings; her shoulder-touching ringlets were the shade of molasses; she cultivated a lisp, was timorous, fainted easily, and daintily drooped from the wrists her long slim hands.

The father was a grim and passionate man; taciturn and self-repressed — a solitary and dangerous nature, emotional only subterraneanly; a man, not of moods but of brooding, not of impression but of intention, not of fury but of despair — a man who would never be able in his silent soul to find the words to express the storm which no one dreamed lay hid in his nature.

One may imagine the home life: the sombre and surly man; the theatric and hysterical woman; the two awed, yet abandoned, children.

The father went to Hamburg and drowned himself, alone and in darkness,

in the black canal between two gloomy warehouses.

The boy found a petty position in the office of a Jew money-changer where he was to sit on a high stool fourteen hours each day and scratch figures in a dusty ledger.

His mother joined Goethe's court at Weimar, where she produced, in the congenial atmosphere of sentiment and classicism, several mystical novels, now worthily forgotten.

Schopenhauer grew to manhood and journeyed to Weimar to see his sister; broke definitely with his now almost maudlinly romantic mother; was estranged by her allegations from the childhood companion he had cared for; and returned to the three-legged stool.

But he returned portentously.

Living on his own heart, ruthless of dreams, avid with omnivorous reading, desolate with the desolation such as only the yearning of youth is capable of, solitary in his soul as only an idealist can be—that is to say, only the great cynic if he be not a great fool—the mind of Schopenhauer had become dangerous with the dangerousness inherited from his self-killed father.

The one love-passion in his life was at this time.

It was characteristic of his whimsical and piteous bitterness that he should wilfully love below him.

The woman was an actress—French; her career was not exemplary.

She disdained utterly this awkwardly-clothed, sad-browed, silent, and moneyless admirer; and when after two careless months of the attentions of other men she returned to her ever-changing Parisian lovers, her conscience—if she were cursed with one—bore away no knowledge of the only love of the world's loneliest nature.

Schopenhauer went mad for a few nights. He bought new clothes; cashed his savings; grew gay; hurled himself into frivolities. That laugh-

ing face was destined to haunt him all his life.

He never saw her again, and the world does not know her name.

From this point begins the life of the real Schopenhauer as men know it; it is from this point that the awesome pathos of his career commences.

He settled down in a shadowy chamber, high up, in a rickety old house in Frankfort, and began to write philosophy.

He had some little income; barely enough to keep him.

Twenty years!

Who can write twenty years of nothing!

Twenty years alone—twenty embittered, unsuccessful, unsympathized-with, unfriended, unnoticed, indomitable years.

This impregnable soul—this nature as bare of all, or any flower, of joy as the desert is bare of a blade of grass in its wastes of sand—this friendless hermit in the midst of a great city, lived unknown through the full years of his manhood.

Stumping along the narrow streets with his stick, a disordered sheaf of papers under his arm, he became a gibe with the cellar cheese-mongers and corner beer-sellers of the neighborhood. With the delicate yellow of the afternoon sunlight patching the bowed and shiny back of his black coat in wavering squares of canary—through the blowing drifts of winter—with the flame-colored autumn leaves fallen from trees overhead lying unnoticed on his shoulders—he walked unknown.

Soured by lack of appreciation, yet contemptuous of the world he despised, an unutterable hatred of all the delight of life was born in his soul. He gazed upon the existence and passions of men as from an altitude.

Kant is reduplicative and eliminative to an equal degree; Hegel is didactic and constructional; Leibnitz partakes

both of the intuitive and of the sedate—Schopenhauer is recalcitrant and illuminative; for Schopenhauer felt his thoughts; the others thought them.

It was shortly after the few first universities had begun to recognize his significance that my friend met him.

Schopenhauer was sitting in his accustomed place in the corner of the café at the table by the window.

Alan Read entered and looked about him for a seat in the crowded place, and Schopenhauer beckoned him to the vacant chair at his table.

Schopenhauer, as he was described to me by my friend, was a man of about medium height, his square-domed forehead surrounded thickly with rough and evidently unbrushed iron-gray hair; his sombre eyes were half hidden under the overhanging shadows of his frowning brows; his tight mouth was a line of grimness; his chin was buried in the folds of a tie almost of the style of the Directoire—between collar-points à la Pitt.

My friend has told me that the Philosopher merely motioned him toward the opposite chair and went on eating; not one word was exchanged while they ate—nor did the elder bow when they departed.

When he was gone the waiter whispered—"It is Schopenhauer!"

The following quotations are verbatim:

"No," said Schopenhauer, "life is not tragedy; it is not comedy; it is not artificiality; it is not nature; life is all of these.

"We know nothing aside from life but matter—which is material.

"I used to dream that my soul was sick.

"There are no souls. Man is a semi-carnivorous vertebrate mammal.

"But even if there were any sign of

the existence of the soul, it would lie in the faculty of the imagination, not in the trees or stones.

"A God, if such a creature could be, would be only imagination—the only thing that creates something out of nothing. Therefore the gods are imaginary!"

"No, I do not much care for love—it begins in delusion and ends in pity—because, from a man to a woman, pity is always an ending.

"Love begins in too much unconsciousness and ends in not enough consciousness; it is a state, not a fact—all things which are capable of cultivation are relative; love teaches us by the disillusion of ideals.

"No man loves the woman—only his dream."

"Governments do not interest me.

"Patriotism is, mentally, a localization.

"Unless a man be capable of being a citizen of the world he is not capable of arriving at his greatest development as a citizen of any one part of it.

"When nature allows us to select our parents after reaching what optimists call years of discretion, reason will have some application in the animal accident of birth."

"I will, I suppose, surprise you by confessing that all my life it has been my ambition to write poetry. I am not sentimental. I am romantic.

"I have never had any friends; I don't want any.

"Yes, I am gay—to myself. Under the circumstances, why should I not be?

"Few men are interested in things extraneous to themselves save out of fear or devotion. I have shrunk; myself, now, is only as broad as fact—it used to be—when I dreamed—as broad as truth—so I am now growing younger—cultivating laughter."

"Fame? I prefer money.

"It is less contemptible."

"O, yes! I am perfectly willing to do anything which your morality decries—but even to be recalcitrant no longer especially interests me—save that it gives me my only amusement, the wonder of those who do not understand.

"I am too tired to care for anything."

"I have made one now unalterable mistake in my life—I have not been a fool. I wish to God I could be!"

"No—there have been no women whom I have loved. I have come back to the material things of life.

"No, you shall not see my poems. I am, in a way, a mental acrobat—I keep the heel of my will upon the throat of my heart."

"Laugh! Few things are worthy of seriousness—least of all an old man who sneers at the things his youth begged for in silence.

"Besides—the years flow over me like a wave—I am smothered. My brain is stunned with repetitious detonations. The drums of memory are slack-headed as they beat the funeral farce-dirge of what I have never had—and from the land of to-morrow I hear the echo of a sunset-gun.

"Life is only an old coat, by the casting off of which I would be eased—but I lack the bravery of cowardice—which requires less vanity than mine in order to be simple enough to put an end to existence.

"Self realization kills laughter.

"Besides—I am too tired."

Schopenhauer had an odd way of talking—a way of leaning forward on the table, his fists clenched, his arms extended, wide apart, almost to the opposite side of the board.

"There is no such thing as morality; conscience is a delusion; duty is the most noble of inanities.

"All things are futile to the man who understands them. Hope, not love, is blind.

"Gayety is the only thing in life that is valuable—or important—not least so because it is the only thing in life which is unreduplicatable.

"We live our sorrows over again; we never re-live a laugh."

"Of the nations of Europe, the Turks are the wisest—because it costs more money to keep one woman than four.

"Competition lowers prices.

"The women of the Orient attempt to rival one another in the eyes of their owner in two ways—charm and ease—which latter includes the ease that economy produces in the matter of expenses. The rivalless Christian wife feels she has rights.

"Rights always corrupt kindness."

"I am English—except in all things but choice. Why? I think it is, because, in my delicious delight in contrariness, I imitate what I hate. They are prudes—intellectually as well as morally—all their greatness comes from the Norman.

"But I hate the French. Yet they are the only people who understand cynicism—and their two National characteristics, as aside from cynicism, are those two which I both respect and admire the most in humanity—bravery, and the *debonnaire*. I hate them—because I, Schopenhauer, will never be the equal in mercenary common-sense of the *cocotte* or the *boulevardier*.

"The Germans I merely despise. They yodle—and investigate—and reproduce."

"If there were a God, his only justice would necessarily be Pity.

"Laws are artificial; they are made by men; can the fallible produce the infallible?"

"Society? What use would it be for me to want it?"

"No, I refuse to discuss my book on the Will. Why should I? The opinion of humanity can be nothing to me—because I care nothing for either their blame or their praise.

"Fame? Ah, well—one does not remember one's food—but one has a certain appetite!"

"I remember I once walked with a man in the country (I hate the country): he was a Pastor from Tübingen.

"'Look,' he said, 'at the sky! What a glorious day! Could any one doubt that God is good?'"

"And he stepped on an ant hill!"

"Also, later, it rained."

"Literature? Germany has produced none.

France has two philosophers—la Rochefoucauld and Balzac. Hugo is a noise.

"Russia, I hear, has possibilities.

"England has Shakespeare—and I can read Marlowe also. This Dickens is a detailer.

"The other countries are only Yesterdays—except America—which does not yet exist."

"The political state of Europe? How should I know?"

"As to the great men whom the world has produced—yes—there are a few—Galileo, Lessing, Erik the Red, Napoleon, Casanova—and Me. We six could have built man anew.

"The others are only men of events.

"Humanity does not realize to how great an extent events create men—Alexander, Rameses, Hannibal, Caesar, Marlborough, Raphael, Goethe, Byron

—all of these men were as environment-governed as Clovis—less free than Charles Martel!

"I shall not be known so early in the emancipation of the centuries. When the slow rebellion of civilization has routed the conventionalities of thought, men will realize me."

"Youth—age? There are no such things. You are too old yet to comprehend youth."

"Money? What would I do with it?"

"The object of life? Having eliminated its joys and its reasons, could I find any object? Why, this glass of Moselle does more to tempt me to remain in life than do all my hopes—for I have so few—I am perhaps the only man in the world who has more expectations than hopes."

Personally, I make no comment on these utterances—repeated to me by a wonderfully retentive memory—I leave to those who read them the appreciation of their desolateness.

Arthur Schopenhauer died during the next year. So far as I have been able to find out—he never after Doctor Read's departure from Frankfort for Copenhagen wrote to him—the circumstances of his death are these:

Some strange agedness was heavy on his shoulders. He stooped wearily as he passed down the little street that led from the door of his lodgings.

When the leaves of the geraniums in the window-box of his room curled up and turned tobacco-brown and crumbled brittlely in the blight of the early frosts, his bravery seemed to crumble and fall with the leaves.

What his nights were, of course, no man knows.

In the space of some two weeks the austere face became piteous—as if fa-

tigue had broken the dying strength of his endurance.

He tramped, dismally alone, in the autumn fogs, his hands clasped behind him, his head bowed.

The landlady of the house where he lived sent one night for a physician—who questioned, prescribed, and departed.

Schopenhauer remained in his chair in front of the fire; his only companion was his old brown poodle.

The dog whined uneasily, and Schopenhauer reached out his arm and fed him from the untouched dinner-tray.

It was twilight, and from outside, far below, came faintly the glad shouts of children's voices. The last light of the day fell upon the face of the bronze statue of Buddha which stood upon the black pedestal in the corner.

Schopenhauer rose, went weakly across to the fire, and, with the worn poker, stirred the dying embers. He came back to his chair and fell into it wearily.

Hour after hour he sat there—hour after hour—till the shadows had turned to blackness and the ashes were dead on the hearth.

Did his eyes wander about the room in the obscurity, along the booklined walls, seeking the volumes he knew?

In the morning the broken remains of the lamp were found on the floor. He had evidently tried, at some time in the night, to light it. He did succeed in lighting the candle which stood by the tray on the table near his chair.

No one came to knock at his door.

A little before the dawn, the landlady was awakened by the howling of the dog. She went up the stairs and rapped repeatedly on the door. There being no answer, she went down again and woke one of her friends, a lodger; he brought a policeman, and the two broke in the door.

By this time the neighbors were crowded upon the stairs, peering curiously.

The dog crouched, shivering, in the corner, gazing at the still figure in the worn, big chair—every now and then giving a long, inexpressibly-mournful howl—as the following hounds are said, in Ireland, to howl, keening, after their master's wake.

The policeman tip-toed across to the candle upon the table and blew it out.

Youth

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

LIFE in the Book of Lovers bade me look.
Oh, much of heart-break in the pages lay—
Long grief and fierce, fair joy that lasts a day!
All this I read before I closed the book.

"Now art thou warned," quoth Life, "what loving is.
Filled with this wisdom, whither dost thou go?"
Then I, 'twixt awful tears and laughter, "Lo,
I go to add another page to this!"

Letter from Paris

PARIS, November 20, 1902.

SINCE the November fogs set in with presage of winter, there has been an enormous development of literary and dramatic activity in Paris. Publishers, novelists, dramatists, are returning to their work with renewed vigor, and the alleged gay city is buzzing with business. First and foremost, M. Alfred Capus, the newly-elected President of the Committee of Dramatic Authors and Composers, a high honor, comes to the front with his new play, "Châtelaine," in which Guitry, Sarah Bernhardt's former colleague, acts Jossau, the rich manufacturer who has made a fortune in business after having squandered his patrimony. Jossau, who is supposed to be in real life that lively motorman, the Marquis de Dion, is wanted by Madame de la Baudière for her daughter Lucienne, but to this girl of eighteen he prefers the mature matron Thérèse de Rives, who is divorced, and whom he marries. M. Capus is becoming a very lucky man. His friends have now to hope that his new position will not interfere with his production. The post is an honorable but a perilous one, held previously by Ludovic Halévy, Victorien Sardou, and the younger Dumas. Paul Hervieu refused it, but Capus seems to think that he will be able to weather all the storms incidental to the post. His latest success, the "Châtelaine," being well written and full of excellent dialogue, will bear reading, even if one cannot see it acted by such splendid players as Guitry,

Jane Hading, Terride, and Boisselot, to all of whom, in the estimation of some of the critics, M. Capus is deeply indebted.

In the dramatic line, too, we have had some more of Antoine's young men to the front. Everybody knows Antoine now. Twelve or thirteen years back he left his badly-paid post in a gas company and began to run a small theatre. I met him when he was a budding showman at Pousset's in the Faubourg Montmartre, where he, Catulle Mendès, and a small crowd of literary men, actors and actresses, drank beer and smoked cigarettes every night. Since that time Antoine has become a power in the dramatic world. He has brought out some of the leading dramatists of the day like François de Curel, Brieux, author of the "Avariés," Courteline, Vaucaire. You have to pay attention to Antoine's movements, for every now and then he springs a new dramatist on the world and a new play, which may attain classic rank by the consecration of the Comédie Française. He has begun the present season by some short pieces from the pens of Maurice Vaucaire, one of the Chat Noir men of old, Georges Henriot, and Max Maurey. Georges Henriot is a new dramatist who writes over a pseudonym. We shall have to watch his progress, for he gives promise in his two-act play "L'Enquête," which is full of dramatic interest and holds you spellbound.

Activity in the intellectual world has also been marked by the annual meeting of the five academies of the In-

stitut de France. At this function we had the academicians of various sorts lumped together as it were. There were the "Immortals" pure and simple, and then the musical, artistic, and scientific men. These last are fearfully ignored in Paris by the general public, who run after the more glittering authors, painters, composers, and dramatists. The scientific men are regarded with a distant and reverent awe, but you cannot get average people to take an interest in them. At the meeting of the five Academies at the end of October, we had no science, properly so called. Instead, Camille Saint-Saëns the composer read a neat little essay on the lyres and harps of antiquity; M. Joret of the Academy of Inscriptions and Letters read a paper on the two famous journalists and scholars, Millin, Director of the "Magasin Encyclopédique," who was imprisoned in 1793, and Boettiger, the celebrated Latinist of Weimar, and M. Luchaire of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques discoursed learnedly on the accession of Pope Innocent III. M. Joret's paper was the most interesting of the three. He built it up on a MS. found in the Dresden Library, containing Boettiger's letters. The essay took us back to the days of the great Revolution, and later on, when Millin was a famous editor and had all the best people of the day to his "literary teas" in his offices in the Rue des Petits Champs, not far from that tavern where, years after, Thackeray was to eat his dish of "Bouillabaisse." Concomitantly with the meeting of the Academies, several literary people assembled in the Montparnasse cemetery to unveil a statue to Charles Baudelaire, the poet of the "Fleurs du Mal." Baudelaire died a repentant Catholic after a tormented life. The unveiling of his memorial has given an impetus to the sale of his books, and the younger generation are now devouring

the products of his bizarre and brilliant genius. Catulle Mendès recalled the other day the sad fact that during twenty-six years of production Baudelaire only gained about 16,000 francs. He did not even make two francs a day. And yet Paris is not to the same extent as London a "city of sweet speech scorned," as Rossetti wrote, referring to Keats, Coleridge, and Chatterton. Of both places it is true, however, that the average bustling and booming reporter can often make more money in four weeks than an inspired sonneteer can hope to make in twelve months.

Another sign of the season is the re-opening of the theatrical campaign led by M. Lugné-Poe, the champion of Ibsen and all the Scandinavians. He calls his undertaking "L'Oeuvre," and has now been running it for ten years. When he started, Ibsen and all his works were attacked by Sarcey, just as Clement Scott used to attack them in London. Nowadays, every cultivated Frenchman believes in Ibsen, thanks to Lugné-Poe, and the critic who has succeeded dead Sarcey, agreeing with other colleagues, has nothing but praise for the man who wrote "Hedda Gabbler" and "Peer Gynt."

In fiction, I find that Georges Ohnet has been busier than I thought last month. The critics have been making merry over the "gaffes" in his "Marche à l'Amour." He talks therein of a ballet in the opera of "Siegfried," makes a lady who is a brunette in the first part a blonde towards the end, and bestows a knighthood on a wealthy American whose wife is a star of society in Paris. It is feasible to suppose that M. Ohnet has not done all this himself, but that it is rather the work of some young and enthusiastic understudy or ghost whom he has taken on to help him. Ohnet was far more careful formerly, and no one could saddle him with such grotesque mistakes and misrepresentations as

those held up to ridicule. They are nearly as bad as those in the work of the elder Dumas referred to by Thackeray in the "Paris Sketch Book." A good deal has been made, in the meantime, of the "Deux Vies" by the brothers Marguerite, who are getting a good advertisement for themselves by their petition to Parliament for an alteration in the divorce law. Other books are "Les Beaux Mariages," issued by Fasquelle, a novel of Paris society life, and the "Associée," published by Ollendorff, a very readable book by Lucien Muhlfeld, who sketches the anguish and misery of a doctor's wife who, having enabled her husband to get on in his profession, is neglected and discarded by the man. We have another Breton story in "Gillette," which is written by Jean Thorel. Gillette is an ingenuous girl whose mother is dead. Her father marries again, divorces, but eventually becomes reconciled to his second wife, who then forms for Gillette a real home, for which that young lady has long been pining. And all the time she has been kept carefully in the dark about her own mother. This story is supposed to be founded on a curious case in real life.

The same publisher sends a book by Charles Maurras, "Les Amants de Venise." This resuscitates the old story of the loves of George Sand and her adventures in Venice between her admirers Alfred de Musset and Doctor Pagello the Italian. The subject was nearly done to death a few years since, but M. Maurras has revived interest in it. He had a bit of a fight over the title, which was claimed by another, but he proves that he himself first used it in a review six years back. The book is as good as a novel, nearly as good in fact as M. Henry Fevre's "Beaux Mariages," in which we have an ill-assorted couple of the bourgeoisie who have made a marriage of convenience.

The book is in reality an acrimonious attack on the rich middle class, and it will be read with avidity by many of those whom the author treats with scathing scorn. Among the latest publications of that enterprising and cosmopolitan company, the "Mercure de France," is "Versailles-aux-fantômes," by Marcel Batilliat, not a ghostly story in spite of the title, but one about two namby-pamby young ladies who roam around the grand park sacred to the memories of Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, Madame de Pompadour, Madame Du Barry, Louis Seize, and Marie Antoinette. These are the ghosts of Versailles, but the author's living personages, in spite of their lackadaisical longings, are very modern.

With reference to the book on George Sand and Alfred de Musset in Venice, I hear that Paul Bourget is including a remarkable study of the strange couple in the third volume of his "Etudes et Portraits," to appear early in 1903. He deals with the two lovers in a chapter headed "Un Problème Sentimental," which was planned in 1896, when the first documents about Sand, De Musset, and Doctor Pagello were published. Paul Bourget minutely analyzes the characters of the authoress of "Indiana," "Valentine," "Lélia," and of the poet who was long ago called a weaker Byron. M. Bourget prefers to call the absinthe-drinking bard a "petit cousin de Lord Byron," while George Sand is a "sœur cadette de Goethe." I should not wonder if somebody put Musset, Sand, and Pagello on the stage one day. To use George Meredith's paradoxical expression, they were "tragic comedians" in everything that they did.

The unveiling of Balzac's statue is still far off, but the numerous controversies and squabbles about the memorial to the greatest of French fictionists have led to a revival of interest in

his career. Paul Bourget is preparing some sketches to be called a "Balzac Sociologue" for the "Minerva." In the meantime that review contains a series of articles by M. d'Almeras on Balzac's dealings with his publishers. He had eight of these, the last being Charpentier, to whom he suggested the small editions at 3 francs 50, the volumes which are still sold in Paris. We find that when Balzac began, novelists could only expect to receive 300 francs for a book. He organized a small society of writers, who managed to obtain for their works of fiction from 500 to 1,000 francs. We learn from M. d'Almeras that Balzac did not disdain modern methods of advertisement. He puffed his own books and in fact did his own log-rolling to an unexpected extent for a man of his genius. However, he had to contend with dire poverty and never realized a fortune by his colossal literary work.

We have not yet done with Pascal, Port Royal, la Mère Angélique and the Jansenists. Here is a lady, Marcelle Tinayre, who does not undertake like Racine or Sainte Beuve to write the history of Port Royal, but who gives us a novel on the Jansenists. In her "Maison du Péché," something like the relations of Racine with the actress Mademoiselle Champmeslé is revived. The hero, Augustin de Chanteprie, is a pious Jansenist, but he is led astray by the ravishing beauty of Fanny Manolé, a widow, who counsels enjoyment of all the good things of life. She conquers the ascetic young man who has been nourished on the doctrines of the famous clerics and laymen of Port Royal who abhorred nature and cut themselves adrift from society in order to meditate on the strange mystery of life and the awful problem of death. The book is now in the hands of all intellectual people and the author's success is much discussed. She is considered to be able to write as well as

Sainte Beuve himself, and her knowledge of the Port Royalists, her comprehension of the doctrines of the Jansenists, are marvellous. Marcelle Tinayre has already written several novels, but none attracted so much attention as her last.

Of the books just out, or forthcoming in November, are Morian's "L'Aimant"; "Notes et Impressions" of J. J. Weiss, with letters to him from Taine, Sainte Beuve, and Renan; P. de Nolhac's "Madame de Pompadour"; Madame Melegari's "Ames Dormantes"; Gyp's, or the Comtesse de Martel's "Sœurlette" and "Un Mariage Chic"; "La Sœur du Lait," by A. Theuriet; "Chez les Ilotes," by Jules Roche; "Le Roman de Marie," by Jean Rameau; "Comme les Autres," by Brada; "Mademoiselle Pompon," by Pierre Maël; "La Baronne Kapouth," of the "Nouveaux Mystères de Paris"; and President Roosevelt's writings and speeches. These latter are collected under the title "La Vie Intense," and are in the hands of Flammarion. M. Emile Ollivier has also brought out the seventh volume of his "Empire Libéral," treating of the third Napoleon's political transactions between 1863 and 1866, that is to say to the eve of the battle of Sadowa. Of the above books, I can only say that Morian's novel, "The Magnet," is a story of the meeting of two "souls" made for each other. The author has evidently in view the "elective affinities," "Die Wahlverwandschaft," which Goethe wrote when he was elderly and in love with a bookseller's daughter of Jena. "L'Aimant," or "The Magnet" will be read for its psychology as well as for its society scenes. The central woman is Helen de Kertz, who finds in Professor Vandas a man after her own heart, and leads him away from her unintellectual nonentity of a pretty cousin.

W. F. L.

Reviews

Poetry of the Month

BY BLISS CARMAN

THOREAU used to say that if he were to wake up after a ten years' sleep, he believed he could tell to the very day what time of year it was by the flowers in blossom.

I suppose that the skilled critic of American literature, to be properly equipped for his task, should be able to locate a new poet within at least two hundred miles of his exact habitat—should be able to tell from his references to nature what State he hails from, just as he could tell by the turn of a phrase and the fall of a cadence who his masters in poetry were.

Perhaps if all poets could be trusted for scientific accuracy and faithfulness of delineation in their treatment of nature, this might not be so impossible as it seems. But unluckily we are all overimbed with a literary phraseology which keeps us from reporting accurately, even when we see clearly. It is not every one, touched with a desire for expression, who can get away from the influence of tradition and custom and name things anew. And yet that is what every genuine poet must do—break away from the academic and the stereotyped, and bring a virgin mind to the naming of things he sees. Burns did it, Wordsworth did it, Browning did it, and Mr. Kipling has done it. It looks easy until you try it. But the

great mass of material produced which is wholly derivative, wholly reminiscent, attests the difficulty of the task.

And yet I think that our verse-men in America have not been uninfluenced by the growing faithfulness of the short-story writer, who is held in so little esteem now if his local color is a shade off, or his picture the least out of drawing. Their sentiment for nature has much of Wordsworth's piety and simple directness; and this loving care for every natural phenomenon leads them to be content with an almost reportorial exactness of phrase. And this direct simplicity of diction often results in the greatest beauty through its sheer inevitableness.

There are things in Miss Evaleen Stein's poems that remind one of the love of nature in some of the late Archibald Lampman's beautiful lyrics—not quite so sure nor so distinguished as Lampman, but sensitive and delicate and sincere. I have not her first book by me, and perhaps it is just as well, for I might be led into attempting to estimate her "growth" or even her "position"—always a rather impertinent and futile undertaking. It ought to be enough to find ingenuous charm in poetry, without wishing always to judge it and adjust its rank.

I hesitate to speak of "The Book of

Joyous Children." The name is enough to captivate one. And when one says it is by James Whitcomb Riley, there is nothing more to be said. Mr. Riley is so brimming with irrepressible humor, so loving and lovable and manly, that I cannot but think him the most distinctive American poet alive. I shall not insist on that *obiter dictum*. I am not an impartial judge; first because all his delightful rhymes, even the most trivial, are much too delicious to be criticised; and second because the man himself is much too near. I don't mean near in time; there are plenty of one's contemporaries that it would be a joy to criticise (indeed there is little else they are fit for); I mean near one's heart. If you love Riley, of course you will read of his Joyous Children; and if you don't—well, if you don't, you are no friend of *one* reviewer, at least. It is chiefly, I fancy, the heart in Mr. Riley's work that gives it so great a hold on us—its indestructible faith and spontaneous natural gladness. His is the simple human mind that has never been overlaid with sophistry nor undermined by doubt; and this native vigor of spirit and intelligence lends him power; so that he is always as happy as a June morning, just as every healthy man ought to be. The sickness of modernity has never been able to get hold of men like him; like other maladies, it is only fatal to the weak. It is a horrid disease for an artist to succumb to, and one unfortunately which they are only too liable to contract. I wish that we all might be inoculated with a touch of the Riley joy. We should all be much better for it, even though we could not write as delightfully as he does.

As Mr. Riley gives us a faithful picture of homely life in the Middle West, Mr. Frank L. Stanton draws the average life of his section of the South. His volume is full of hearty rhymes in the vernacular, which have nothing of hesitation about them nor that paralyzing self-consciousness which often makes more ambitious work so ineffectual. His training in journalism, if I mistake not, has heightened his power of interpreting the poetry of the commonplace, and making us so much the richer by showing us un-

expected beauty in the familiar. And that is no small service to render in any time or country.

A very different source of inspiration is Mr. S. E. Kiser's. The Muse of Comedy has taken him into her favor. The incongruity of an office boy's slang set in the stately movement of the Rossettian sonnet form is inimitable in its way.

It is not to be expected that Mr. Ernest Crosby should succeed where William Morris failed; and with all my admiration for him personally and for his generous ideals, I cannot feel that his new volume comes near hitting the mark at which good poetry should aim. Perhaps he did not intend it to; perhaps he is somewhat skeptical of the efficacy of beauty of form in art, and is content if the spirit of his work is noble and true. However that may be, I should be sorry to overlook the tenor and substance of his writing.

AMONG THE TREES AGAIN. By Evalene Stein. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN. By James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.20, net.

UP FROM GEORGIA. By Frank L. Stanton. D. Appleton & Company, New York. \$1.20, net.

LOVE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY. By S. E. Kiser. Forbes and Company, Boston. 50 cents.

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES. By Ernest Crosby. Funk and Wagnalls, New York.

ODES OF ANACREON. Translated by S. C. Irving. William S. Lord, Evanston. 50 cents.

BEYOND THE REQUIEMS. By Louis Alexander Robertson. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. \$1.00, net.

CLOISTRAL STRAINS. By Louis Alexander Robertson. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. 75 cents, net.

DRAMATIC VERSES. By Trumbull Stickney. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. *American Men of Letters. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.10, net.*

By J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

BEYOND all other poets of our language was Longfellow the lyrist of home. Yes, even beyond Burns; for "The Cotter's Saturday Night" has beneath its lordly lines a suppressed agitation, a ghost of unhopeful strife, an agreement with melancholy social conditions that permits but of temporary tranquillity; beyond Tennyson, whose heart of the solitary seemed not wholly at rest, even at his own fireside; beyond Whittier, who was more local, and Goldsmith, whose affection for home was that of a wanderer, Longfellow stands true and paternal, sweetly benignant and enduring, a symbol of the hearth, of family love. He has many other strains: Longfellow is a student of romantic themes, of mediæval ruins, and stately castles with their barons and troubadours; he sings of echoing historic times, he has a voice for legend and the music of the past, his soul vibrates equally to the wild nature epic of Norway and the fervid minstrelsy of Spain; his taste is universal and excellent, but his genius is of the one thing—of home.

Nearly all his best attributes are drawn from this one source; his wholesomeness, serenity, and purity, his moderation and staunch loyalty, his friendly cheer and encouragement, his content in God and humanity. He is not like Milton, made passionate over virtue, nor like his beloved Dante, made virtuous through passion; he is not one of those poets who must cast his soul into a great design or die. He need not penetrate, explain, justify; he hears no voice commanding him to build a temple where all mankind may enter in wonder-worship. Grandeur is not his element any more than grandeur is the peculiar element of a home. He drew closer the arm of the parent about the child, he made more blessed and blissful the hand of the wife resting in that of the husband. This is something that no other poet has done quite so successfully; and it is noble work.

It is hardly needful to say that Longfellow's life is worth reading; in fact, his literary career was especially interesting; and we can heartily recommend Colonel Higginson's brief biography, which is both sane and sympathetic, equally free from adulation and indifference. All is given a just proportion—the poet's youth and his aspirations, his travels and his academic duties, his place as a classic and his greatness as a man. The writer's conclusions are always so well based, he is the very voice of reason, moderation, and humor; he is large enough to keep himself quite in the background, yet he seems not at all belittled. In the old, old days the student Higginson sat at the table where Professor Longfellow held forth about Molière and Goethe, and the biographer might be pardoned if some slight partiality for his distinguished friend had found its way into his pages. But for this failing one looks in vain. He is absolutely open and unprejudiced; and his fourscore years have not chilled or weakened that genial style which has given deep pleasure to more than two generations of cultured Americans.

BARBARA LADD. *By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

By FRANCIS BELLAMY

TO the reader whose enjoyment of a novel is largely in following the play of the author's mind, "Barbara Ladd" is a superlative delight.

The author virtually invites you into his garret, and says: "Spend the day with me and tempt me to talk; challenge me and make me discriminate; run everything I tell you back into its hole till each idea is so truthfully worded that no other words in the world can be attached to it; be pleasantly merciless with me, and hoot me if any of my sentences betrays haste or indolence; I hold there are for every idea worth saying in a novel certain inevitable words, words that convey perfect satisfaction, words so accurate that a sentence is as suggestive as a poem. I challenge myself to do this, and I stake my

workmanship upon your recognition of my honest dealing with words."

Only an author of the most opulent personality dare give such an invitation. Imagine the ordinary story-mechanic venturing! But here is the everlasting damnation of the ordinary novel-monger: he, she, is of dire mental poverty, and gives nothing but an objective framework; you suffer yourself to be beguiled by the bare career of the plot, but you experience no genuine thing. The story is not real unless you see it reaching back and existent in the author's mind; and when the story is read there its degree is clearly measured by the abundance, variety, and sanity of the mental plant.

But Mr. Roberts by his style invites us to do something more than read "Barbara Ladd" in himself; he asks us to witness the very operations by which each sentence was traced to its inevitable finish. His art and rare grace of touch saves the method from any shadow of ponderousness, and you linger and re-read one of his short, palpitant sentences, while the story waits; the story can wait because there are thousands of others, but you know a man might rummage a month and find no other words that could truthfully express that one idea.

And this remarkable character-study is plotted in a romantic novel. Barbara Ladd is a Colonial maid of Connecticut, with an imperious current of wild Spanish blood in her, and the Revolutionary War comes between her passionate patriotism and her lover, who draws sword for the king. Though most of the action is in a prim Puritan village and in the ancient woods, there is enough of glitter and duel and slender silk stockings in red satin slippers; and these strange Puritans make debonair speeches which might belong to Versailles or Newport. It is not a character-study of Puritanism, but of a group of delightful originalities who might have lived anywhere and any time. They are all genuine creations of the imagination, however; even the horses and the squirrels and the other furtive folk of the wood. Their wealth of originality differentiates the quality of this novel from any others that are now stuffing the boxes of the circulating libraries.

THE FLIGHT OF PONY BAKER. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

BY MINNA SMITH

MR. Howells's bad boy is very different from Mr. Aldrich's—or Peck's. He is quite as human though—as Mrs. Shinn's perceptive pictures present him—for he continually plans flight and yet never runs away.

Phillips Brooks said that once when he was over at East Boston among the ships, after he had been a preacher for years and years, too, he had all he could do to keep himself from running away.

Pony Baker thought life would be easier elsewhere than at home, and Jim Leonard encouraged the idea. Pony's parents were unsatisfactory to him, really trying, especially his mother. She was always calling him dear before the other fellows, for one thing, and it caused them to mock him. His father made him take his books and go back after he had left school when the teacher put him back into the second reader. Pony was thus nicknamed because his legs were short, and "he walked and ran with quick, nipping steps, like a pony." This means the conventional or literary pony of the East. The millions of cow ponies west of the Missouri River do not run with nipping steps, as authors like Mr. Roosevelt know. But that is a detail. Pony Baker was himself local. He lived in Southern Ohio in the "Boy's Town," made famous in Mr. Howells's earlier juvenile classic. This book will be a classic, also. It is intensely native. Would it not be odd if, among Mr. Howells's complete works, his boys' books should in future years lead all the rest? He tells this story in the first person and in the vernacular, says I all he wishes, and uses phrases like "took after," "hooked," "saved up," "watch out" on almost every page. This makes any boy or girl from eight to eighty who reads it feel as if sitting before a good story-teller; hearing a living voice. The town where Pony lived, and the people in it, become as familiar as the personality of the little boy himself, or of his gentle

parents. The Ohio river flood thrills like a memory of things seen, and you can't help having convictions about the rat Jim Leonard said was on the roof on which he nearly floated to his death; nor about Jim himself, clear-pictured as one of the dwarfs of Velasquez. The history of Pony Baker's flight is all about the times that he did not cut loose, run off with the Indians, or strike out into the world for himself.

Deeper than most boys in books, Pony Baker inspires what Sam Weller called "a more tenderer feeling." His story sounds delicately autobiographic. Probably that boy is father to the man we all recognize as a great contemporary figure in our American literature.

KOTTÖ. *Being Japanese Curios, with sundry cobwebs.* By Lafcadio Hearn. With illustrations by Genjiro Yeto. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

By BLISS CARMAN

MR. Lafcadio Hearn's volumes of Japanese tales and folk-lore, of observation and philosophic criticism, follow one another with such surprising swiftness and regularity that the very high quality of his work is remarkable. His books never seem careless or hurried; and certainly they never lose interest. One might be almost tempted to think, from the frequency of Mr. Hearn's charming publications, that he has succumbed to the baneful influence of a Western commercialism, and writes to fill an undoubted demand. But even if this were so, what matter, so long as his pages remain so entertaining?

Mr. Hearn long since established his reputation among us as a daring colorist in words, with his "Two Years in the French West Indies"—a record of his sojourn in the beautiful but unhappy island of Martinique. His style has become somewhat tempered and chastened since then, with less floridity and more penetration, less absorption in outward beauty, and more interest in underlying truth, less sensuous but more significant. He is at his best, I think, in his earlier

books about Japan. Not that there has been any falling off in power in his last volumes; but the subjects have been less conspicuously suited to his peculiar treatment. The earlier Japanese books are quite as entertaining and luminous as any work of comparative racial criticism we have—as readable as Emerson's "English Traits," for instance. Whether or not they are wholly to be trusted I have not the means of knowing. But even if his Japan were a wholly fictitious one, we should still have to enjoy it, so compelling is his manner.

In the last two or three volumes, however, we have less broad criticism and more minute observation of details of life, stories, poems, obscure customs, trifling habits—things which do not give us a broad general vision, but none the less increase a knowledge of the author's adopted country. "Kottö" is a book of short stories; and the sub-title gives some notion of their character—ghostly tales, for the most part, of what we should call psychic phenomena, which the Oriental mind has interpreted after its own manner, or into which it has imported impossible but picturesque and poetic beliefs. The result is an air of half-plaintive myth, very human, and un-Western, and altogether pleasant.

But there is also something more than mere entertainment in "Kottö," as there is in all of Mr. Hearn's books. There is the vivid sense of the mystery of life and the intense interest in the problem of essential being. There is, too, a very modern note of speculation, which must captivate any thoughtful reader. And as you sit by the fire on a gray day, conning these strange stories of old Japan with an amused and skeptical tolerance, you are pretty sure—unless you are hopelessly Occidental—to come upon a few pages of reverie or reflection that will make you sit up and think, and think hard. What if they were really true, these ghostly tales? Can they be so utterly ignored, after all, as mere fancies born of the idle brains of men? Or may research not one day reveal as true what is here only set forth as dim and fairy-like surmise? The stories themselves are no stranger than many of Mr.

Kipling's Indian romances, but Mr. Hearn's power of driving home their inward significance, of making us reflect, is most remarkable. He is like Maeterlinck in his fondness for dwelling on questions of the soul—like him, too, in his capacity for holding those questions up to light, and touching our sense of the solemn and the unknown.

NEW FRANCE AND NEW ENGLAND. *By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.65, net.*

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE loss which the literature of the English-speaking peoples has suffered in the death of John Fiske is so recent and so severe that the reviewer of this his latest book—dropped unfinished from his hand—finds it difficult to subject the work to an impartial scrutiny. It is more natural to dwell upon the breadth, solidity, and adequacy of the monument which the dead author has raised to secure his fame than to put to test this individual stone of the noble structure. But it is only as a stone in the structure that this work can be rightly estimated. As an integral portion of Mr. Fiske's survey of American history it is more important and more completely worthy of its author's reputation than if it were to be regarded as an isolated whole.

Let me say at once that, so far as my knowledge enables me to speak, this is altogether the best brief presentation of the subject in existence. What Parkman has told us in his series of eloquent, richly colored, and conscientious narratives is here given in one compact volume. Narrow as is the compass within which the strenuous movement begins and ends, so admirably is the story constructed that the action never seems crowded or intricate, and at the same time nothing essential or broadly significant is left out. Discrimination in material, a sound sense of values, accuracy as to facts, precision of statement, a judicious though necessarily sparing use of local color and picturesque incident, all

combine to make this volume a singularly satisfying reduction of the picture which Parkman gave us on a scale too huge to grasp at one view.

The style of Mr. Fiske's narrative is, first of all, lucid. Lucidity of thought, and the clearness of expression which clearness of thought makes possible, have always characterized Mr. Fiske's writings. But in this particular case he has been at particular pains to write clearly, because the matter of his writing has been shaped for the lecture hall, where each sentence must tell its tale directly and completely, and there can be no casting back to recover lost clues. Over and above this one quality of clearness—the most excellent, indeed, and most essential of all qualities in prose writing—Mr. Fiske's style makes no special claim to distinction. He is not a stylist; and what he says is not remembered for the manner of the saying. His sentences do not bite, or smite, or thrill, or sparkle. They are often a bit soft on the edges. But taken all together they are very competent. Patiently and unobtrusively they build up the picture—and the picture is one we carry away with us.

The only important defect of this admirable book, it seems to me, is one which the author would surely have remedied when he came to combine his lectures into the rounded whole of a book. The philosophy of the struggle between England and France in the New World, as a vital part in the great struggle for world-empire, must have appealed, more strongly than appears in these pages, to the spacious and philosophic mind of their author. Had this idea been more emphasized, the narrative would have gained in dramatic impressiveness.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *By Theodore Tilton. D.D. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. \$1.50.*

DR. Cuyler is the only one living of those great Brooklyn pastors of the latter half of the nineteenth century who made that city known throughout this country and in many parts of the

outside world. His reminiscences are, therefore, of interest because of their associations. They are also valuable to the reader because of their internal charm and fascinating qualities. The average layman would perhaps hesitate to take up a volume, even of a personal character, by a Calvinistic clergyman; but such an attitude may well be abandoned, for this volume will be found to be a rich treat for all readers who care at all for personal notes of the great men of two continents and for the record of a life spent amid scenes of the utmost activity and great labor. The book could not help being religious, but although the writer shows clearly that he is a stern and unyielding Presbyterian, and although he does not hesitate to score in strong terms the "higher criticism" school of theologues, yet he does by no means offend any liberal reader. Even in the expression of his anti-imperialistic notions he can excite no animosity. With Dr. Cuyler, the art of expression, with clearness and emphasis and without severity and obtrusiveness, has become a science.

The most attractive portions of the book are those devoted to the great men of the past. His friendship for Dr. Newman Hall, the great English friend of the United States in Civil War days, and his knowledge of Dean Stanley, Dean Farrar, Spurgeon, Dr. Brown (of "Rab" fame), are subjects for fascinating chapters.

A book of reminiscences by a clergyman which the average reader with no sympathy with his tenets will pore over with zest far into the night is a remarkable thing.

F. B. T.

GOOD ORDER ESTABLISHED IN PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW JERSEY. *By Thomas Budd. 1685. Reprinted by the Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland. 1902.*

THE author of this curious and interesting tract was a native of Somersetshire, England, who settled in Burlington, New Jersey, about 1678, apparently to escape the persecution from which, as a Quaker, he was likely to suf-

fer if he remained in his native land. His father had been imprisoned in Ilchester Jail, and Thomas was sturdy in the faith of his ancestors. He seems to have been a man of strong individuality, for not only did he become distinguished among his New Jersey fellow-colonists, but he became, later, one of the leading townsmen of Philadelphia. His book shows him to have been a shrewd and observant man, with an eye for the possibilities of the country in which he had settled. He knows all about its natural productions, and has some excellent suggestions by which commercial advantage might be made out of them. He has a quick eye, also, for the position of factories and warehouses, and suggested the draining of the land, in order to be rid of the "troublesome musketoes." He offers excellent advice to intending emigrants, and even constructs tables of costs and articles useful for importing. As one reads this old gentleman's strong good sense, one hardly wonders at the present prosperity of these United States, for we are reminded that they were settled by such sturdy old fellows as Thomas Budd. The old rebel—we are sure that Budd was a rebel—seems to have been somewhat independent in his opinions of those in high places. He was fined five pounds for saying that "Samuel Jennings had behaved himself too high and imperiously in Worldly Courts."

The publishers deserve thanks for this handsome reprint of a book which is accounted among the very rarest of Americana.

T. S.

CAPTAIN MACKLIN. *His Memoirs. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.*

MR. Davis has, in this book, undertaken an extremely difficult thing—the making a prig and a cad, a coward and a fool, the hero of a so-called military novel. He has succeeded in a realistic fashion, remarkably well. Captain Macklin is a mistaken, braggart youth who, after repeated failures in every line, thinks he has succeeded, and

who is left at the end of the story a soldier of fortune, incapable, inconsequent, and without hope for the future, like his kind in real life. There seems to have been a misunderstanding in the minds of many readers, who say that Mr. Davis intended to make his hero a heroic, or real old-fashioned, hero, and failed. Surely, with a man of Mr. Davis's experience, this cannot be the case; he could never have intended to make Captain Macklin anything but an unfortunate example. There is little, if any, plot in the book; the point is the picturing of a fool under difficult circumstances, and the point is well taken and well made.

J. W. H.

AMERICAN ANIMALS. *A Popular Guide to the Mammals of North America North of Mexico. With Intimate Biographies of the More Familiar Species.* By Witmer Stone and Everett Cram. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$8.00, net.

WHO has not, in the days of his youth, innocence, and murderous instincts, tracked over the snow, with Indian insistence, the dangerous rabbit, or even the formidable field-mouse, and the terrible skunk? One forgets amid the artificial pursuits of maturer life the primitive delights of man, when upon our skill alone depended whether we or our ferocious foe the squirrel should live: whether he would turn and rend us limb from limb, or we, like other heroes before us, should clothe ourselves in his hide, draw sustenance through the hard winter months from his flesh. This book recalls all this. You glance at it first carelessly; but little by little the insidious charm of possum and mountain goat and porcupine steals upon you. You meet them all intimately: you have their photographs in pose or surprise; and the old desire to out-leatherstocking Leatherstocking revives. And this new arm that has come in the last few years—the camera—what an improvement it really is upon the gun! How many a boy after eagerly tracking some little singing bird from bush to bush and from tree to tree finally to bring him down

at the end with a shot-gun, a little bunch of useless feathers, has not felt the end incomparably less satisfactory than the pursuit—as philosophers tell us all pleasure is. But with the camera, instructive and not destructive, giving a memento of every successful chase much more satisfactory than the quarry itself, one may hunt forever with never a qualm. And the photographs in "American Animals" are really marvellous—both the telephotos and those taken with the ordinary lens. The book is one many will enjoy to their own surprise, if once they open its pages.

K. B.

CECILIA. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

IN "Cecilia," Mr. Crawford has given us another romance of Roman society. His theme this time is that of telepathy—thought-transference under various conditions and between various sets of people. His story contains the usual ingredients for a Crawford romance—two young men of exalted birth and comparatively little money, a very youthful and improbably self-possessed girl, a foolish but estimable middle-aged society woman, a wicked old lady of rank and title, an adventurer of doubtful antecedents who rejoices in a "sensual pink and white face, hanging lips, colorless brown hair, insolent eyes, effeminate figure and dress." This villain is much like "Walter Crowdie," the heroine differs very slightly from the girl in "Corleone," and altogether the story is reminiscent of many others—and these not the strongest—from Mr. Crawford's pen. Mr. Crawford has a singular facility for describing fierce rushes of hate or heroism as if they were details of house-furnishing, and his heroines dally most maddeningly with reminiscent meditation at crises in their lives when your insistent demand, as reader, is that they shall act instantly. "Cecilia" illustrates these failings the more precisely because it is not up to its author's best, and no cunningly contrived plot helps you forget defects. The most interesting figure in the book is that of Lamberto Lamberti, of the Italian navy,

a man whose characteristics suggest, afar off, the virility of Giovanni Saracinesca. Cecilia herself, with her interminable reveries, her philosophical researches, her uniformly serious conversation, lacks piquancy, that saving grace of heroines and mortal women. Would even an early-maturing Italian girl be capable, at eighteen, of such overpowering absorption in Kant's Categorical Imperative and the theories of Nietzsche? And is not Mr. Crawford platitudinizing somewhat when he descants so earnestly upon the seer-like quality of young maidenhood in general? Does he know what girls under twenty commonly think of? Their thoughts are long, long thoughts, but even a fervidly romantic novelist would be apt to find them mostly trivial. Cecilia, it must be said, is not a flesh-and-blood girl. All the people in the story are little more than lay figures. There is no glow of health, no tingle of life anywhere in the tale.

J. K. H.

PASCAL AND THE PORT ROYALISTS. *By Professor William Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.*

UNTIL within the last ten years, no general interest attached to Blaise Pascal and his writings in America; perhaps because he was variously regarded—or disregarded—in his own country and times, by turns as a "mere fanatic," "a mystic," a semi-Romanticist, and "a sceptic"; but this diversity of opinion, according to Brunetière, is solely due to the mutilated condition in which his "Pensées" have come down to us, being mistakenly regarded as his confessions, and the fact that his life was broken into successive periods. Recently, however, through a number of translations, he has become more widely and favorably known here, and now, by reason of this latest thorough treatise of his life and famous defence of the Port Royalists in "The Provincial Letters," no serious mind can fail to be roused into admiration of the invulnerable logic, fine irony, and concentrated scorn which is the very note of the genius and style of Pascal. In his striking "Discourse

on the Passions of Love," every sentence is a rounded maxim: "Love is of no age; it is always being born," and such sayings savor of Rochefoucauld, without his cynicism.

A. L.

THE MAGIC MASHIE, AND OTHER GOLDFISH STORIES. *By Edwin S. Sabin. Illustrated. A. Wessels Company, New York. \$1.00.*

OF late, in this country, the people have been divided into two classes—those who love golf and those who do not. The readers of Mr. Sabin's attractive book may not be all golf-lovers, for the pages have a charm and the author has a style peculiarly his own. This is his first book, but he has for several years written most entertainingly for the magazines. He has felt the public pulse and responded to it; the outcome is this string of reprinted short golf stories. There are fourteen, and they are all good. Especially to the lovers of the royal game will this volume appeal, and serve to make a dull hour bright. The reader feels, intuitively, that Mr. Sabin knows his golf. All the world may not know the technicalities of the game, but its picturesqueness makes it popular, and next to playing it is reading about it. The book is humorous in parts, and while it cannot be called brilliant it is healthy, vigorous, and never dull.

J. P.

THE MAID AT ARMS. *By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

IN this story the author of "Cardigan" has brought the romantic historical novel to a high state of excellence—indeed, to as high a state, perhaps, as this order of fiction permits of. For, after all is said and done, the romantic novel is at the best a machine-made product: the only question is, how delicate is the machine? The machine used by Mr. Chambers on the present occasion is very delicate, hence the result is satisfactory. Of course the heroine is beautiful—ravishingly so—and the hero a

paragon of virtue and bravery; but since their beauty and bravery and virtue are not insisted upon *ad nauseam*, and since, despite the superfluity of these qualities, they bear genuine likeness to humanity, they prove very companionable fellow-travellers for a day's journey, and at the end we are genuinely glad to see them attain the goal of every man's desire and get safely married.

The scene of the story is Tryon County, N. Y., the seat of the great patroon families, Dutch and English, and the objective point of the early campaign of the English in their attempt to annihilate the American forces under General Schuyler and thus irretrievably to cripple the rebels at the start. But despite the warlike setting of the tale, it contains very little carnage and blood-letting; we hear of fights and armed encounters, but at only one of these are we called upon to assist, and that the unimportant battle of Oriskany. Indeed, the author has very wisely used military history merely as ancillary to the love-story and to the attempt to show the part played by the Tories among the Colonials and the motives governing their actions. After reading the book our condemnation of their decision to side with England suffers a degree of modification, in view of the financial interests at stake and of the seeming probability of England's speedy victory; but, on the other hand, fresh horror is evoked by this new account of their employment of savages against their one-time neighbors and friends.

There is little new in the love-story—indeed, it is oft reminiscent of other twice-told tales—but the author has imbued it with an indisputable charm of romance and delicacy of touch which render it worthy of comparison with Stevenson's "David Balfour." Especially happy is the delineation of the character of Dorothy Varich—no wonder the hero fell in love with her; any mitigation of feeling on his part would have been inexcusable. Brought up in an atmosphere like that surrounding "the Lady of Quality's" childhood, Dorothy, nevertheless, retains unclouded her pristine purity, while developing much of the headstrong

independence which characterized Mrs. Burnett's heroine. There can be, of course, no doubt which author has realized more keenly the exigencies of psychological development; nor can there be question which character will gain the approval of American and English readers. The picture of General Schuyler is excellent; not so good, it is true, as that of Lincoln in "The Crisis"; but as a whole the story is vastly superior to Mr. Churchill's elaborate failure, since the author of "The Maid at Arms" achieves the less ambitious goal toward which he is striving.

W. W. W.

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. By George Horace Lorimer. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

IF one reads but a letter at a time, taking the book indeed as it is meant to be taken, much enjoyment will result—that is if one likes broad American humor and business didactics—but if one expects to while away the hours on a railway journey from New York to Washington, say, the entertainment must certainly pall this side of Philadelphia. Baltimore will then witness sundry maledictions and yawns, and the unfortunate volume with the pretty gold pigs on its cover will, like as not, be flung by a petulant hand into the chilly Potomac stream. Now nothing could be more stupid or unjust than such reactionary depreciation, the book being full of fun and so-called good sense, a perfect treasure house, we think, for the vast barbarian tribes of Harumites and Holdenites, and all, truly, who love "English as she is spoke" better than English pure. We can, perhaps, give the work no greater commercial compliment than to say it will appeal vigorously to all haters of art, that it aims to strike at the root of things even at the expense of all flower and fruit, which are, we surmise, the real reason for the roots of things. Perhaps we take the "Letters" too seriously, but we guess that the writer takes some parts of them seriously too—those parts, for example, where the young man is exhorted unhumorously

to be good; where the moral and essential precedence of the business life over every other kind of life is dwelt upon rather persistently. The book is likely to have a large sale.

J. S. D.

THE PHARAOH AND THE PRIEST. *An Historical Novel of Ancient Egypt. From the original Polish of Alexander Glovatski. By Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

AN impressive tour de force, but a tour de force nevertheless. We feel that Glovatski has power and a comprehensive intellect, but how he must have studied to gather such a storefull of ancient Egyptian detail; how the translator, who has a penchant for elephantine tasks, must have struggled to render the whole seven hundred good-sized pages into English; and how boastful that reader will be who not only goes through the book without skipping, but understands the unfamiliar names and historico-geographical allusions which the Polish novelist, partly for the purpose of setting and partly to convey information, uses with bewildering frequency.

Without doubt, there is room and to spare for the big novel of knowledge; only we deny it the first rank in fiction. It has a right to sit in the common parliament of literature, but not to a permanent place in the upper imaginative house. With books it is very much as with men: the quiet, simple-mannered true one has such a chance!

Yet we must not be misunderstood. There is nothing false about Glovatski's book. There is in it sincerity, genuine interest, something of enthusiasm. The characters are drawn large, the action is constant, the scene is brought out vividly and with little waste; we know not in the whole realm of historic fiction a more praiseworthy and conscientious effort. The writer has, moreover, equipped himself splendidly for the show. Not a detail in the worship of Osiris, not a minute point of costume or of manners among all the varied races of Egyptians, Assyrians, Phœnicians has escaped him. He knows every crevice, every dust-fleck on the

Sphinx, he is familiar with the habits of every creature that haunts the slime-heaps of the Nile, he is, in brief, master of his subject and will interest thousands of readers.

J. S. D.

OVER THE BLACK COFFEE. *Compiled by Arthur Gray. Illustrated by George W. Hood. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. \$1.50, net.*

THIS little volume is unique, not only in binding, but in the matter contained in its 108 pages. It is all about coffee. After the introduction, there is a history, written by John Ernest McCann: then the familiar sonnet by Francis Saltus, dedicated to coffee. We are told how it grows, how it should be served, and one who does not already know may become very wise regarding not only *Café noir*, but *Café au lait* and other varieties. There are also sketches of old London and old New York coffee houses, anecdotes, and more verses. "Over the Black Coffee" is admirably designed for a Christmas gift.

H. H.

THE LONG STRAIGHT ROAD. *By George Horton. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.*

IF this new story by Mr. George Horton be truly representative of Chicago life, then Chicago is most assuredly in a parlous state. For sheer vulgarity, for absolute commonness, for lack of the first principles of refinement among those characters who are represented as refined, or who, at least, are supposed to move in the "first circles of society," this book's claim to the championship will remain undisputed. The title and the prefacing quotation from Stevenson promise well. "Times are changed with him who marries; there are no money by-path meadows where you may innocently linger, but the after road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave." The text is an excellent one, and the romancer's opportunity is obvious. But in the present instance the author seems to have no story to tell, in

the first place, and the people who move through the pages of the book are so impossible, so hopelessly ignorant or disregardful of the common decencies of life, that any purpose there may have been in the writer's mind is thwarted utterly by the material he has chosen.

The sole relief from the unpleasantness of the principals of the story is furnished by a family of Germans, whose home atmosphere is very sweet. But these cannot save the book. Its faults are radical, and it is a matter of regret that the author who has done so much better work should have descended to a performance of this order.

S. D. S., JR.

THE CHRISTIAN POINT OF VIEW. *Three addresses by George William Knox, Arthur Cushman McGiffert, and Francis Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 60 cents, net.*

THE three addresses in this little volume were delivered by professors at the Union Theological Seminary, within one academic year. They are scholarly without being pedantic; Christian in tone and spirit, educational and interesting. While there is a marked divergence in matter of detail, each address agrees in the Christian plan of living and being.

BORROWED PLUMES. *By Owen Seaman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.25.*

MR. Seaman has written a clever book. Considering how difficult has been his task he deserves no little praise for producing a book of twenty-two parodies, all good. Every page shows that the author has studied his subjects well before attempting to imitate—hence his success. The parodies are all amusing, the styles and peculiarities of the authors being in no instance too highly colored. From Hall Caine and Marie Corelli to Henry James and Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a far reach, yet Mr. Seaman handles all of them with equal grace and skill.

The opening burlesque is especially clever and droll. In it the author makes Elizabeth of the Letters visit that other Elizabeth of the German Garden. The parody is done in a series of letters, and those who have read the books will appreciate the imitations. In fact, one must be conversant with all the authors parodied to fully enjoy them, but Mr. Seaman has selected only such authors and books as are well known. The only mission of "Borrowed Plumes" is to amuse, and in this the author is successful.

A. B.

AVERY. *By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.00.*

READERS of "Harper's" may remember "Avery" when it appeared in that publication under the title of "His Wife." It is a novelette, covering only 122 pages, and might justly have the sub-title, "A Study in Morbidity." There is absolutely nothing new in the book, the plot is as old as story telling, and the reader discovers near the end of the story that the whole thing is a dream. "Avery" is quite as exasperating as "Marjorie Daw," without its cleverness.

OPPORTUNITIES IN THE COLONIES AND CUBA. *By William H. Taft, Brigadier General Wood, Hon. Charles H. Allen, Hon. Perfecto Lacoste, and the Hon. M. E. Beall. Lewis, Scribner & Co., New York. \$1.00.*

THESE authors' names, representing as they do the Governor of the Philippines, former Governor of Cuba, ex-Governor of Porto Rico, former Secretary of Agriculture of Cuba, etc., in themselves vouch for reliability. The information is valuable, because it gives thorough and graphic descriptions of climate, conditions and prospects, and, more important still—it tells both theoretically and practically "how to get there." Even the names and addresses of places where application can be made for offices or where advice can be obtained have not

been omitted. There has been a growing demand for a book of this kind, giving in readable and condensed form the information everyone ought to have and many want, without knowing where to find it.

The book opens up the possibilities that range from the capitalist to the laborer, and shows the vast field that lays before us in our Colonial Possessions.

M. M.

THE MILLIONAIRESS. *By Julian Ralph.*
Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.
\$1.50.

SUCH a book as "The Millionairess" deserves a better fate than it is likely to meet. Not often does a jaded novel-reading public find anything so brilliantly subtle; but it is vain to expect this same jaded public to catch the ironic humor of Mr. Ralph's work. Posing naively as an ordinary—a very ordinary—novel of manners, it is in fact a gigantic parody of the craft it pretends to represent. With the gravest possible face Mr. Ralph heaps together a jumble of absurd caricatures of the commonplace types of fiction and sits back to watch the effect. His Apollo of a hero out-Corellis Corelli, and his heroine puts Richard Harding Davis's shirtwaist girls to the blush. His society women would be more at home in the Tenderloin than on Fifth Avenue. His Western girl is breezier than any Hamlin Garland has dared create. The wildest dreams of Hall Caine never compassed such an addle-brained social reformer as Bryan Cross, nor such a canting prude as his sister. With a well-bred degenerate burglar and a dull clergyman for good measure, Mr. Ralph pushes and pulls his puppet-figures from one scene to another with scarcely a pretence of connection or significance. And never once does the earnest manner relax.

It is unfortunate that the irony is too elaborate and too subtle to be easily grasped. Most readers, if they survive the deadly dullness of the first half of the book, will see only a nerveless, boneless, sinewless story, without plot, or characterization, or description. They

may speculate as to the connection between Mr. Ralph's cultured, well-to-do Bohemia (as though it really existed) and the heroine's plans for the amelioration of social conditions, or laugh at the melodramatic pathos of Bryan Cross's end. But for the elect it is all a rare treat. Don't attempt "The Millionairess" unless you are sure of your sense of humor; but if you are, read it—and don't be afraid to laugh.

E. C.

IN KINGS' BYWAYS. *By Stanley J. Weyman.* Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.

IN this volume Mr. Weyman has brought together ten unrelated stories of various length and dealing with various periods of French history from 1580 to 1794, but bound together by general similarity of subject and treatment. The name attached to the collection doubtless finds justification in the fact that the tales are supposed to deal with such private adventures of kings and persons of high station with which history has not concerned itself. The unwary will likely read through several of the opening stories before realization comes of the fragmentary character of the book. But the natural disappointment attendant upon this discovery will be found to be groundless, as all the stories are intrinsically interesting and they are told in a quick, sprightly manner that leaves no time for sensations other than those which the author has sought to awaken. Mr. Weyman is a born storyteller, and, furthermore, he has so saturated himself with knowledge of his chosen theme, French history, that the reader may surrender himself to his guidance without fear of being led astray. The art of style, it is true, is unknown to him, but in recompense nature has endowed him with the ability of simple, striking narration, which is by no means an evil substitute for the more glittering gift. Those seeking amusement and relaxation may take up this book with complete assurance against disappointment.

W. W. W.

ONE'S WOMENKIND. *By Louis Zangwill.*
A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

THIS is a vexatious sort of book; one wishes to like it so much better than one really can. It begins well, with the adoption of the daughters of his brother's mésalliance by a rising young lawyer, as the cost of a rupture with his mother. The two little girls are delightful, and his life with and care of them, until his marriage with a hardly-used actress, makes excellent reading. But growth and the development of social ambitions change the aspect of affairs, and through the episodes and incidents of the latter portion of the narrative the way is long, and at times wearisome. The book is well written in good, plain English, the characters are studied with care, and the life they live is depicted with knowledge and fidelity. The shortcoming seems to lie in a certain hardness, a lack of ability to make the people sympathetic. One is described as philanthropic and altruistic; another as impulsive and warm hearted; a third as ingenuous and sincere. But none of them live up to their reputations, and it is this lack of consistency, this failure of a laudable intention, that irritates the reader. It would be unfair to withhold the praise that the author's painstaking care and his very decided ability deserve, but it is to be regretted that it cannot be accorded without qualification.

S. D. S., Jr.

THE NEW EMPIRE. *By Brooks Adams.*
The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50, net.

WRITES Mr. Adams, "All my observations lead me to the conclusion that geographical conditions have exercised a great, possibly a preponderating, influence over man's destiny." For this conclusion, as well as for the many others which the author gives in his book "The New Empire," reasons are given. Whether these reasons appeal or not will depend largely on the prejudices of the reader. But in any case they are sure to interest, and to provoke thought.

We are presented with a connected account of the rise and development of commerce. History has been ransacked, and the story reproduced most attractively. The intelligent reading of the book has been made the more possible by a number of maps which illustrate admirably. The causes of the prosperity and downfall respectively of commercial states are clearly set forth. The connection between cause and effect is kept steadily in view. We see how trade waves have ebbed and flowed like the waves of the ocean.

Mr. Adams is at his best in dealing with the past. In writing of the present his presentation of facts occasionally suggests special pleading and the attempt to strengthen his case by taking care to see things as he wishes them to be. He is an optimist, who, while not asserting that whatever is is right, maintains that whatever is is as it had better be. Of trusts he sees the advantages, where many of his readers will be able to see only the other side of the question. But it is comforting to think that, whatever blunders man may make, Nature will in her own way regulate commerce—that commercial destiny, for instance, depends primarily upon the location of certain minerals.

L. DE V. M.

MRS. TREE. *By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated.* Dana, Estes & Company, Boston. 75 cents.

TO every New-Englander who has drifted away from his native soil into larger issues and requirements, this book comes as a renewed vision of the characteristic scenes, types, colloquialisms, and view-points of his early life which were then accepted by him as the mere natural outcome of each man's existence; but, in this later vision, amplified by time and change, the New England environment assumes its rightful proportions, blent of that humor and pathos which is the soul of these simple-hearted folk whose lives are all unconsciously vibrant with the widest range of dramatic possibilities.

A. L.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE. By George H. Ellwanger, M.A. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.

THIS elaborate compilation of gastronomic lore leads us through pleasant pathways, fringed with sweet herbs of historical résumé and flowers of anecdote, from the days of the Roman feasts up to the present period of French culinary æstheticism. It is profusely and attractively illustrated and, since the destinies of men and women are still, as ever, influenced by their epicurean tastes and habits, why should it be disdained as a gift-book, even to one's fiancée?—with Austin Dobson's triolet as a fitting dedication:

"Here's a present for Rose,
How pleased she is looking!
Is it verse? Is it prose?
Here's a present for Rose!
'Plats,' 'Entrées,' and 'Rots,'—
Why, it's 'Gouffé on Cooking.'
Here's a present for Rose,
How pleased she is looking!"

THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC. For Boys and Girls. By Kate E. Carpenter. Illustrated. Lee and Shepard, Boston. 80 cents, net.

THROUGH this simplified edition the history of Joan of Arc is rendered most attractive and comprehensible to the minds of children, and from an educational point of view must appeal to teachers and parents. The illustrations are good reproductions of the most famous paintings of incidents in the life of the "Maid of Orleans."

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. Illustrated with over Eighty Text Cuts and Twenty-four Full-page Half-tones. By Joseph J. Mora. Dana, Estes & Company, Boston.

RECLOSED in this new and ample garb of fantastic illustrations that give tangible shape to the familiar creations of Hans Andersen's fancy, these wonder-stories come with renewed interest to the child-heart whose love of the marvellous never fails.

A PROPHET OF THE REAL. By Esther Miller. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. \$1.50.

IT would be an easy task to point out superficial faults in this book, notably faults of a syntactical nature, but to do so would betray a little mind: there is so much to admire in the story, so much that is real, palpitating, alive, that gratitude toward the author swallows up desire for carping criticism. "A Prophet of the Real" is not a great novel—the plot is too simple, too neglectful of the manifold threads of existence, of the play and counterplay of many natures upon each other—but in its intensity and fidelity to life it is deserving of unreserved praise. The situation is novel, improbable, yet not incredible; the characters are more or less sketchy; but in some subtle manner the author has infused into her work the fire of reality in an unusual degree, so that the reader hurries over the terse, nervous sentences with an insistent desire to follow the development of the plot to its conclusion.

The hero of the story is a successful English novelist who, by the strange fatality of chance, has been led to evolve from his imagination the identical tragedy which has darkened the childhood of his secretary, to whom he is dictating the story. Shocked into confession, the girl's reserve is broken down, with the result that he offers her marriage, in the desire, primarily, to retain at hand an interesting human document. From the new relationship thus created results the story which the author has told so interestingly.

W. W. W.

THE WOOING OF WISTARIA. By Onoto Watanna. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

THIS is a story of Japan. It does not announce itself a novel. But by grace of its pretty title it promises to be a love tale, done with the delicate suggestiveness that has made its author's short stories in the magazines so attractive. At first it seems to redeem its promise. Then the fragile Cloisonné ro-

mance suddenly whisks itself about and tries to become a record of warlike politics against the Shogun, complicated by Commodore Perry's arrival in Japan, just a half century ago this year. It is as if a sweet, silky little Japanese poodle should all at once assume the bold swagger of a Boston terrier. You feel that the approaching semi-centennial of Japan's awakening, and not any real interest or ability on the part of the author, instigated such an astonishing attempt. Also you feel that Onoto Watanna's powers are too rare and too valuable to be subjected to a strain like this. She can write of Japanese home life from the inside, and at the same time in terms easily comprehended by minds Occidental. That is a unique gift. But she cannot successfully treat politics or organized warfare—what woman can? The Shogun, the Mikado, Commodore Perry—these are mere tenuous shadows on the page. But Wistaria at her casement in the dew of morning—she lives and breathes. You feel none of the attempted high tragedy of the hari-kari and battle scenes, but you do feel the exquisite pathos of Wistaria's moonlight withdrawal into the temple. The author's English is in general clear, though often weak, and at times aglow with unexpected Oriental touches.

J. K. H.

BY THE STAGE DOOR. *By Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman. The Grafton Press. \$1.50.*

UNDER the title "By the Stage Door," a dozen sketches of theatrical life are collected in a volume. While not "literary" in the true sense of the word—though by no means badly written—these little stories of the world behind the scenes possess two of the most essential qualities of literature, which are unaffected frankness and a basis of truth. Such qualities, and the experienced knowledge from which they spring, are rare in the fiction about dramatic professional life—so rare that W. D. Howells, for example, shows himself completely lacking in them, in his "Story of a Play."

One of the "Stage Door" chapters is the thinly-veiled story of the late Augus-

tin Daly and his winsome leading comedienne. Another touches tenderly upon the pathetic heart-tragedy of that one-time metropolitan favorite of the bygone Lyceum Theatre, Georgia Cayvan. By way of antithesis, there are farce-comedy episodes, such as "Grimston's School of Acting." Sentiment and pathos, however, are the chords oftenest struck, while "An Early Jump" conveys a bright and helpful little lesson in self-discipline. Perhaps the most notable document in the group is the "Autobiography of an Actress," which is not cast in the form of fiction, but is cold and convincing fact throughout. In this, the child of the stage begins with an account of how her mother "did the hard work of a stock actress in the bad old days when they put on four Shakespearian productions a week, with an occasional melodrama thrown in." The child herself grew up to be a stock leading lady of to-day, and she shows how in a single season of twenty weeks she played a full score of leading or star rôles, memorizing an average of 7,000 words for each part, or a total of 140,000 words, all within five consecutive months! No wonder she began to crave stimulants, and that her mind threatened to give way. So she broke off for a rest, married a Virginia planter, and quit the stage forever. "I've made my big success," she concludes; "married the best man in the world, and that is the greatest of all 'hits.'"

H. T.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. *By Florence Morse Kingsley. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.50.*

THIS story is told to illustrate a lesson—that of the responsibility entailed by great riches, and of the hardening effect upon character of devotion to the Mammon of Unrighteousness. The lesson is old, but always pertinent. In this case, however, a preachiness of intent is so obvious that it defeats the whole purpose of the novel, and makes it fail utterly as a portrayal of human life. All the characters introduced are "types"—the hard-fisted New England farmer, the calculating country under-

taker, the humanitarian hermit, the "fair and cold" society girl, the selfish village beauty. Even the altruistic hero himself is palpably unreal; not one person in the book has power enough to convince the reader of his single, separate existence. They are all specimens brought forward to illustrate the faults or virtues of different classes of people. They might as well be named by capitalized epithets, in the forceful manner of George Ade, or labelled according to genus and species, like the stuffed things in a Natural History Museum. They are not, moreover, manipulated with any degree of skill, as a great dealer in types, like Dickens or Hugo, would have manipulated them. The psychology of the story is neither true nor interesting, and at the end of it all you are not convinced that the hero has accomplished anything in his conflict with the "powers of worldliness." The hero's name, by the way, is Immanuel. There are other traces of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the book—attempts at religious humanitarianism, a censorious attitude toward alleged Shams (with a very big S), and a study of married life whose unhappiness is due entirely to the selfishness of one of the partners in it. The chief good such books do is to set people to thinking about what the Shams really are, and about some methods of fighting them which may be eliminated from the equipment of those who set out valiantly and honestly on the war-path. The illustrations to "The Needle's Eye" are appropriately wooden and unexpressive.

J. K. H.

THROUGH HIDDEN SHENSI. *By Francis H. Nichols. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50.*

THIS somewhat ponderous volume is the record of a representative of "The Christian Herald," who penetrated into the unknown part of north-western China to ascertain the exact conditions of the recent great famine there. A fund was raised in this country for the famine sufferers, and Mr. Nichols, the agent for it, in the course of his travels through the land, made a close

study of its customs, peoples, and institutions, and here records them voluminously and with great conscientiousness, but with a literary style that is too painstaking to be in the least picturesque or sparkling.

The book will appeal more to a grave and leisurely class of readers who are interested in the subject, and to them it will be a work to be pored over rather than revelled in. The writer admits his anti-Chinese prejudice when he started on his travels, but most of these were done away with, and he learned to admire much in a civilization that was old in the days of Homer. Armed with the personal card of Prince Ching, which was the open sesame throughout China, the traveller found himself, wherever he went, perfectly protected from harm. So, for many weeks, the writer explored this hidden realm, finding the people toiling and thinking and misjudging the outer world exactly as they did thousands of years ago. Roughly, his course was from Peking southwest to Sian, the refuge of the present court during its recent enforced exile; thence southeasterly to Hankow, Nanking, and Shanghai, an arduous trip occupying over two months.

With its maps, elaborate chapter summaries, illustrations from photographs, and index; with its careful descriptions of villages, towns, roads, and rivers, social conditions, temples, religions, modes of thought, and details of travel, perhaps the best word to use in estimating the book is "excellent."

W. F. D.

MILTON'S ENGLAND. *By Lucia Mead. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.60, net.*

WHAT a lordly title is here, what an offertory to nobility and calm, and what a keen disappointment we feel when we turn the insufficient pages. We would not accuse the writer of wilful irreverence or indelicacy in the treatment of her theme, but she is scarcely enough exalted for her task, and the mass of detail and quotation of every hue that she has collected—often with undoubted pains for accuracy—do not combine to

give one clear color to the whole. We are conscious of editing; of scratchings and of notes, of snippings and of scissors. The arrangement is at times almost slovenly, the phrasing cannot be called especially felicitous, very little of the matter is really new, and the chats about history are rather unimpressive. How incongruous such a work may be with the idea of Milton we leave the lovers of Lycidas to infer!

It would be better, perhaps, to dismiss altogether the question of the epic poet and think of the book merely as a personal memoir concerning celebrated places. Of course some of these places draw their celebrity alone from the presence of the bard, as, for example, the house in Bread Street, but a majority have with him only the flimsiest connection. It is as the writer says: the boy Milton or the man Milton may have seen such walls, entered such portals, bowed his head before such cathedral diapason, but beyond this comparatively frail unity there is little reason why the book should not be renamed Sir John Eliot's England, or Hampden's or Cromwell's England.

As a guide, however, to certain interesting localities of old London, Miss Mead's book ought to find readers.

C. N.

HOW TO INTERPRET PICTURES. By Franklin B. Sauvel, A.M., Ph.D. Round Table Booklet Publishers, Greenville, Pa.

THIS book is not wholly bad, yet it was hardly worth doing, we fancy, from any point of view save that of self-culture, which alone would be unlikely to lead a man to publish. Sincerity and enthusiasm are the chief qualities in its favor, and sometimes these serve to illumine the writer's mind. His brief analysis, for example, of "The Surrender of Breda," by Velasquez, while following closely the lines thrown out by celebrated critics of painting, has, nevertheless, enough lift to it to carry Mr. Sauvel a little out of his halting style; and his chapter on animal painting also stands out in rather agreeable relief. But the work, which, from its lack of thorough-

ness, can scarcely be intended for a textbook, falls dismally short of all we expect, and have the right to demand, in belles-lettres.

J. S. D.

THE ART OF SUCCESS. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Frederic Warne & Co., New York. \$1.00.

THERE is no such thing as a success tabloid, says Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson in this book; and neither religion, early rising, nor total abstinence alone will bring success. There are those who are successful and those who are not; all men cannot be successful; nor can all with equal endeavor obtain equal success.

It is doubtful which is most discouraging: a treatise on success by a man like Carnegie whom you know you never can equal in his line; or a treatise on "The Art of Success" by a man you never heard of before, and who, for aught you know, may be no more successful than you are.

The best part of "The Art of Success" is the quotations. Wendell Phillips's "Commonsense bows to the inevitable and makes use of it," alone is worth the dollar asked for the book, if one digests it—the advice, not the book.

Mr. Knowlson is also the author of "The Art of Thinking." Perhaps a preliminary course in that is necessary for the proper appreciation of the second book.

K. B.

GABRIEL TOLLIVER. By Joel Chandler Harris. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

HERE is a really good book. A novel, if you like, yet charming more by reason of its anecdotal than its narrative character. A study of the South in that bitter period after the Civil War when the negroes just liberated in the Reconstruction Eden hearkened to the voice of the crafty carpetbagger, who bade them enjoy the fruit of power and property and strut spitefully in the gaze of the white man, before whom they had formerly crouched and quailed. Consid-

ered artistically, this is a good dramatic setting, nothing worse for being comparatively little used. Yet the author of "Uncle Remus" has such a frail liking for plan or intriguing cleverness, he declares so openly against art—he probably means artifice—that his treatment of these essential attributes of fiction is, to say the least, unaffectionate. He seems always so glad to play hookey from the plot-work and sport a while, episodically, with his characters that the reader is inclined to be with him in this, and give a sigh of relief, too. As a novel "Gabriel Tolliver" is rather slow; as an idyll it is decidedly fresh and delightful.

The writer's humor, his wide-hearted sympathy for everything that breathes, his sense of homely worth and domestic sweetness, and his honest craftsmanship combine to make a work deserving serious attention. It is not every day or every season we meet characters so nobly real and so really noble as Nan, Dr. Dorrington, or the old negro servant, Uncle Plato.

J. S. D.

DR. BRYSON. *By Frank H. Spearman.*
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
\$1.50.

IN this book the author comes in like Balzac and goes out like—John Strange Winter. But, unfortunately, this is a literary phenomenon so common to the experience of readers of current English and American fiction as to suggest hopeless ineptitude on the part of Anglo-Saxons in dealing with contemporary life. Mr. Spearman's conception of the hero's character is excellent, as also his portrayal of hospital practices and abuses: Dr. Bryson is a physician not in name alone, but also in temperament and attitude, and his operations are conducted in such manner, seemingly, as to justify the recovery of his patients. Hospitals may not be pleasant places in which to pass one's leisure, but undeniably they offer delectable material for the novelist. This fact the author has keenly realized, and likewise the necessity for accurate and detailed knowledge of their workings. Indeed, on this score, unmitigated praise

is due him—at least, so it seems to the lay mind; as to the verdict of specialists desirous of defending their profession against the faintest animadversion, no prediction, of course, can be made.

So much for the opening chapters of the story. Had they remained a fragment, critics of future generations would doubtless give voice to regret that this promising study of life at the beginning of the twentieth century had failed of completion. Likewise, we are conscious of regret, but unfortunately of an opposed nature: for the sake of his reputation Mr. Spearman should have abandoned his pen after completing the sixth chapter. At all events, having pushed off from shore with a brave burst of speed, he incontinently draws in his oars, in the mistaken belief that the initial momentum of his boat will suffice for the rest of the journey. Inevitably he drifts into the shallows of a second-rate love-story. "There came to her a superbly dainty haughtiness, as of one who better knows herself"—"she retraced her steps to the bench, a queen in her black gown"—almost does it seem as though these were the very sentences read years ago by a credulous youth on the display page of the "Family Story Paper" in the window of a cigar shop. It would be an easy task to point out a score of grammatical solecisms and offences against literary good taste in Mr. Spearman's book, but wherefore insist upon the self-evident? One sentence, however, vociferously demands recognition: "So say you, said they at last, so let it be; so it was."

W. W. W.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. MOULTON. *By Nathaniel Stephenson.* John Lane, New York. \$1.20, net.

LONDON and New York have so long provided the local color for the magnificent order of heroines that a Chicago atmosphere is a grateful change, especially when some typically western types are seen through it. Mr. Stephenson has made a conscientious study of these, and he delivers the result of his observations in a plain, straightforward style without ideality. In short, he tells

too much, describes his characters too minutely, leaving nothing to the imagination of the reader, who would occasionally prefer to have the folk reveal themselves in speech or action. Besides the beautiful woman herself, with her golden hair, her height, her great shoulders, and her matchless complexion, there are her heavy-necked business man of a husband, the wise youth who preys upon him for his own purposes, and various minor characters drawn with more care than artistic feeling. But it is exactly this artistic feeling which the author is disposed to ridicule, contrasting it unfavorably with the unaffected wholesomeness of a youth and maiden from smaller western towns.

The plot is very slight, but the dialogue runs easily, and the author has avoided complications which might have made his story more dramatic, but would have debarred it from young readers. Despite its shambling construction and lack of suggestiveness the tale is entertaining.

J. M.

A DISCIPLE OF PLATO. *By Alligood Beach. Illustrated by John Ward Dunsmore. Roberts Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

OUT of Boston has come a book the like of which is seldom launched. This is said to be Mr. Beach's first novel; if he has any love in his heart for his fellow man it will be his last. "A Disciple of Plato" has absolutely no excuse for being. In construction the work is as crude and disjointed as that found in a family story paper; the characters are none of them true to nature, and the plot—if the slight thread may be called a plot—is in no way new or original. After having read the 353 pages of Mr. Beach's book one wonders where the Platonic idea comes in.

The story is laid in France; consequently the author must have his characters speak French. With this in mind, Mr. Beach has scattered stock phrases through his pages; sometimes they fit, oftener they do not, but this makes not the slightest difference to the author. From unexpected corners the puppets of

Mr. Beach's creation jump at one like a jack-in-a-box; they are all grotesque, and never true to life. There is not a human, honest note in the book. "A Disciple of Plato" would be immoral, were it not so stupid.

H. A.

THE CONQUEST OF ROME. *By Mme. Matilde Serao. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

MUCH of Mme. Matilde Serao's previous work has had to do with the lower classes, with the misery that poverty imposes, and that mental and physical degradation brings about. But for this brilliant yet profound study of the social and political life of modern Rome she has gone to the other extreme of the social scale, and has chosen for her *dramatis personae* those whose associations and surroundings are of the highest. Of plot there is little. The book comprises rather the study of one character in new and difficult environment.

The picture is of a man whose rebellious youth has forced recognition of its talent; who, from provincial obscurity, has risen by native eloquence, in the Italian legislature, to a point whence no political advancement is impossible; who, when the new, the utterly strange element of love comes across and mingles with his ambitions, chooses the lesser and unfamiliar object for his devotion. A cold, half-yielding, flattered, and unloved young wife absorbs him, and his final downfall, political and pecuniary, is to be attributed to his half-requited passion, to which his sacrifice of self is absolute. This brief indication of the theme merely sketches the motive of a powerful tale, whose strength lies rather in analysis than in incident, although there are dramatic scenes. The study of the hot but unawakened Southern temperament, its rise to fame, its unavailing battle against ice, and its final despairing subsidence, is a remarkable one; and for contrast nothing could be more effective than the unresponsive, passionless object of its inspiration. For background to the action of the story there is the com-

plete panorama of Roman life, in drawing-rooms, legislative chambers, and in the privacy of domesticity. Exact in every detail, over-exact, perhaps, are the descriptions. But the pictures are extremely vivid, and the extension of the analytical method from mental to material things is not surprising. As a whole the story is an admirable one, strong, lifelike, and true, and unfailingly interesting.

S. D. S., JR.

A CAPTURED SANTA CLAUS. *By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75 cents.*

MR. Page has caught the spirit of his theme and set it to paper in a way that shows that the old god of Christmas is more than a myth to him. Every incident of the little tale is delightful and natural; full of a whole-hearted sympathy and tenderness that must carry its readers with it.

The scene of the story is laid in Virginia during the latter half of the Civil War, and brings with it the inevitable plantation, the blue and the gray uniforms, the spies, and the camp-fires, which Mr. Page has already made familiar through his other writings. But somehow they are different from those we know so well. In spite of touches of pathos, there is an atmosphere of cheerfulness about everything, from the blazing camp-fire to the freezing sentinel on the porch, that is harmonious with the spirit of Christmas and all that it means and brings. In thought, treatment, choice of words, and illustrations, "A Captured Santa Claus" is an ideal holiday book.

H. H., JR.

MOTHER EARTH. *By Frances Harrod. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

IT is as a study of characters and because of its literary quality that this book calls for commendation, for the story itself is not especially novel. The American heiress and the high-minded but impecunious Englishman have attained

to the not very eminent rank of stock characters in British fiction. But the two with whom this story is concerned are not the typical victims of circumstance. They have individualities of their own, and despite the rather conventional manner in which their love-story is brought to its culmination, their actions are justified by their characters, and they stand out vivid and alive in their natural strength and weakness. The girl is by no means the usual presentation of her class. She has no Yankee twang, does not call her father "popper," and has the manners of polite society. The man is strong, a fine, honest, gentleman, proud to a degree that almost wrecks his happiness, but bravely humble at the end. The few other persons in the story are drawn with equal firmness, though in lesser detail. The title is well chosen, for the influence of nature is felt throughout the book. It is "Mother Earth" that is not only a base and background, but a strong and compelling force acting upon the lives of these people dwelling in an isolated region on the coast of Wales. The mingling of the human and material in their changing moods is conveyed with remarkable insight and penetration. The literary style is excellent, and the book should serve to introduce a little-known writer to the discriminating, while it will also interest the average reader.

S. D. S., JR.

THE ROMMANY STONE. *By J. H. Yoxall, M.P. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

APPARENTLY it was during his life as a schoolmaster, and before he became member of parliament, that Mr. Yoxall gathered the miscellaneous material which he has tried to weave into a connected story, and which he gives to the world in "The Rommany Stone."

A Derbyshire yeoman, a country lass—the yeoman's cousin—an American in search of his family tree, Bow Street runners, and gypsies are the main figures of this romance of the beginning of the nineteenth century. In writing this story

Mr. Yoxall doubtless had good ideas and good intentions; but, unfortunately, he has demonstrated that he does not possess, to any satisfactory degree, the gift of story-telling.

The American who is travelling in search of his ancestral domain, and finds that he is of Rommany blood, is well conceived; but not well executed. The movement of the story is not that of life, but of mechanism. We read of the galloping of horses, but our imagination is never stirred to the point of fancying that we can hear the clatter of their hoofs. Two men grapple with each other; but the reader feels no more emotion than if he were witnessing a toy prize fight. The action of the story takes place in three days. Were the reader not so informed, he might be forgiven for thinking that it was three months, for time drags along with the slow and heavy tread of the laboring man working by the day.

Mr. Yoxall was too heavily handicapped by his material. Had he known much less, he might have told his story much better. He has set up a rival school to the Kailyard, however, and for that a meed of praise should not be denied him. The language of "The Rommany Stone" may be comprehensible to some, but we very much doubt it.

L. DE V. M.

THE SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK. *A Survey of the Religious Life of our Time as Related to Progress.* By William Chamberlain Selleck. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

MR. Selleck's book deals with a subject which by virtue of its sub-title should be broad and unprejudiced. It is a big field, this religious life of to-day, and it is a long road from traditional prejudices to viewing that field of religious life in an unbiased spirit. Mr. Selleck has handled his subject well: he has striven for faithfulness in his statements both historically and in questions of creed, though in this he has not always succeeded. But when he fails it is

because he has dealt with a subject which was not of the subject at all. He has gone into the details of each individual church as a church: its beliefs, its benefits, its errors. Mr. Selleck forgets that any faith compatible with human life is bound to live, in fact of its faith in its faith. The errors of a faith are of no consequence, or should not be, to a man who is handling a subject from so high a standpoint. He loses himself in details and trivialities, emphasizes his own view in the matter of spiritual truth, and almost wrangles with other creeds of which he is absolutely ignorant, yet his opinion as to the "largesse," strength, power, and influence of a church in our modern civilization may be of some value. One deplores the lack of all mention of the influence of the Religions and only the mention of Christian Churches; but one must appreciate the fairness with which Mr. Selleck has stated the true value of each church in its bearing on Progress in spite of his apparent underlying prejudices.

M. M.

IN MERRY MOOD. *A Book of Cheerful Rhymes.* By Nixon Waterman. Forbes & Company, Boston. \$1.25.

IT isn't his quality of verse, which is coarsely grained at times, and it certainly isn't boundless originality by which Nixon Waterman holds the attention of his following; but it is his direct way of presenting every-day whimsicalities and facts in a humorous light that wins a transient smile.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With illustrations (in colors) by Margaret Armstrong. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.00.

WE have never seen a poorer edition of Mrs. Browning's famous sonnet sequence than this. Illustrations, paper, type, and binding are equally unattractive. Mr. Mosher's edition, published at 25 cents, is much to be preferred.

OUT OF THE WEST. *By Elizabeth Higgins. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

THE prairies of Nebraska have been fertile in something more than corn and wheat. In the last ten years, following a period in which their natural fertility has been curtailed, they have become the source and scene of many stories of rampant politics and rural misery. Populism and drought, logically inseparable, have been the themes of literature. Most of this "literature" has been crude enough, and little of it has been true to life and fact. But Elizabeth Higgins has given us in "Out of the West" a story of rare strength, vitality and truth. It, too, is crude and uneven in many ways, for it is the author's first serious work; but one does not notice these crudities and technical imperfections in the sweep and strength of the story.

"Out of the West" is the tale of an educated but inert son of a rich man of New York, sent by his father to manage a grain elevator in a Nebraska town. It involves the great drought and the rise of Populism, a Populist Joan of Arc, and scenes of political intrigue and society shame in Washington. The plot is an exceedingly simple one, and yet so cunningly is the story told that its every turn and shift is taken by the reader with interest and enthusiasm. This means art and power, and only a pedant will snarl at trifling lapses in style and composition. The author is evidently in sympathy with the cause of the farmers against the railroads, the old and eternal battle in Nebraska, but she does not permit her bias to injure her power of narration. Perhaps it inspires her to those wonderful, realistic word paintings of the life of that section in those terrible days. No one who has ever been in a farming country in times of crop failure can ever forget them. The author has lived those horrors, and she has told of them so well that the result is startling. The ways of life and thought of the people, the destitution and poverty of brain and soul as well as body—these are pictured as faithfully as the face of field and sky.

But all the views are by no means sombre. Some of them are brilliant with light and joy. The humor is quick and frequent. The droll and laughable features of life in a prairie town, which the author at the outset declares to be "the deadest town between Omaha and Ogden," are told with rare faithfulness and zest. The parlor of the "first family" of the town, the matron who unofficially but absolutely takes charge of every funeral, the village belle who expects that every caller shall be her "beau" and kiss her the first night they meet, the idle curiosity of the village loungers at the station, the bare "city hotel"—here they stand in all their humor and quaintness. The quizzical author has seen every detail of that life, and her satire, while delicate, is merciless.

Of the multitude of tales of western life and politics, "Out of the West" is well worth one's time. It is genuine, powerful, humorous, pathetic and absorbingly interesting.

F. B. T.

PAUL KELTER. *By Jerome K. Jerome. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

HAD Charles Dickens not written, we should read Mr. Jerome's novel, "Paul Kelter," with much greater enjoyment. In that event, however, it is doubtful whether the book would have been written. By this I would not imply that the author has wilfully imitated his great predecessor; he has simply so saturated himself with the methods of the evident object of his admiration that imitation has become unavoidable. Yet despite the book's similarity to "David Copperfield," how vital the difference between the two! As a novel, "Paul Kelter," I think, cannot be called successful. It contains humor, pathos, character-drawing—all useful in the production of a work of fiction—but as a whole it is unsatisfactory. Nor is the reason of its partial failure doubtful: the melodies and serenades and arias are present in generous abundance, but they are not properly orchestrated. In other words, the characters and scenes have not been welded together by the mortar of an interesting

plot, which is essential to a really great novel, despite the dicta of certain latter-day critics. Moreover, there is a sad lack of passion in the make-up of the leading characters, which may possibly call forth the approval of the great Philistine contingent of the reading public, but which unfortunately precludes the awakening of other than a fatally lukewarm interest in their fate. Mr. Jerome, it is evident, belongs to the formidable order of authors who hold that the surest method of rendering their books innocuous and "elevating" is by the dishumanizing of the hero into a moral prig beyond the reach of vulgar temptation. So deeply rooted in the conscience of Anglo-Saxons is this view of literature that to protest against it would be idle.

Aside from the prologue of "Paul Kever," which seems somewhat forced—or is it only old-fashioned?—the beginning of the story is delightful, giving promise of delectable courses yet to follow, the fulfilment of which we in vain await. Paul's childhood is long, extending over one hundred and fifty pages, but its chronicle, in the main, is spontaneous and pervaded by the subtle charm of youth's misty morning. Indeed, it is this part of the book—decidedly the best—which recalls most vividly "David Copperfield," although it lacks the structural consistency of the masterpiece of Dickens. Many of the characters who appear, even fleetingly, upon the scene are endued with much of the bizarre quaintness which renders unforgettable the creations of Dickens's genius. "Aunt Fan," "Mr. Gadley," "Dr. Hal," "Mr. Hasluck," "Mrs. Peedles," "Jarman," "Miss Sellars," "O'Kelly," and the "Signora"—how easily and naturally they fit into the great gallery of Dickens's portraits, if we do not scrutinize them too closely. In justice to the author, however, it must be conceded that the limitations of present-day novels do not admit of the successful following of the discursive methods of a former generation, and that by their adoption one succeeds only in crowding the stage without enhancing the interest of the play. Certainly such has been the result in the present instance.

Mr. Jerome's first long novel offers

fresh proof of the author's undoubted cleverness; but, unfortunately, it also manifests a lack of organic perception on his part which cannot fail to prove fatal to his ambition as a novelist of serious claims. On laying it aside one wonders how a book of such conspicuous merits can so far fall short of excellence.

W. W. W.

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE. *By Elizabeth Kent. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.*

DR. Charles Fortescue, of Madison Avenue, found the heat unbearable one August night, went up to the roof to sleep and plunged into a deep and dark mystery. There were many lights in the house opposite, and so much that was astonishing took place behind the half-drawn shades that the story of it has been told by Elizabeth Kent. The occurrences of that night and the remarkable aftermath make a good detective story, though not truly of the Sherlock Holmes order, for the gentleman concerned in the investigation was of a denseness quite uncommon even in the police of New York. Dr. Fortescue saw four night owls disporting themselves mysteriously in the fashionable apartment opposite his roof, and when, the next morning, a murdered body was found in an unused apartment it became credible that one of the four was the murderer. The number of possible criminals rolls up merrily, and the electric chair seems to wait first for the young society girl, then for the pretty little bride of three months, then for a French butler, and so on. The good physician grows more interested in the young lady who is for a time suspected than in the case itself, but there is not enough love-making to hinder the course of the story. Not to like a good detective tale is to show one's self hopelessly lacking in that most enjoyable of human qualities—curiosity; there are not many who have the misfortune to be deficient in this gift of the gods, and these are the only folk who will not enjoy the exploration of "The House Opposite."

M. D. M.

THE DOWNREUTER'S SON. *By Ruth Hall.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
\$1.50.

HOW seldom one wishes for a preface to a novel—yet in the case of "The Downreuter's Son" a preface would be of valuable assistance in understanding the background of Miss Hall's story. She has laid the story some sixty years ago in New York State, at the time when many of the country tenants refused to pay their rents, and in the small towns there was rioting by lawless youths disguised as Indians. From the situation, as portrayed in the story, one gets little information on the merits of the case, save that you naturally sympathize with the more intelligent of the characters, who are all uprenters. Miss Hall's characters are all real people, and her story is distinctly interesting. But somehow she has not made her rioting at all real; it seems like fooling, and one is brought up with a shock when the tragedy occurs. It may be Miss Hall's intention to do this—for the rioters themselves were brought up with a shock at the first killing—but this seems to me wrong in a book; as it is conceded to be in a play. The reader must be in the confidence of the writer, at any rate. Still, despite this grave defect of the lack of unity between background and characters, "The Downreuter's Son" is far better in every way than the ordinary story of country life, or the ordinary story of lawlessness.

J. W. H.

THE LADY PARAMOUNT. *By Henry Harland.* John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

FOR the modern reader, fed on the modern glut of adventure, problem and realism, "The Lady Paramount" must needs fall on barren ground. It is too delicate a thing for his prostituted appreciation. It is like that faint perfume of violets that came and went near the dainty person of the Countess Susanna, and set the heart of Anthony to beating furiously; after the first sweet whiff the coarse nostrils of man are no longer sensitive to it. There is a kind of perfume hanging about Henry Harland's book,

which coarser senses do not catch at all, and even the finest sometimes miss. But if a man fails to get something of it after reading a few pages, he might as well lay down the book at once; there is nothing for him there. The tale will not hold him—a mere pretty echo of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," in which life presents no problems, nobody has a purpose and love runs as smoothly—yes, as the "curling, dimpling, artificial torrent" that plashed through Craford Park, where Anthony first saw his Lady standing beneath a tree. It has neither strength nor depth nor power, in the modern popular literary acceptance of the terms; it has merely charm—that elusive, evanescent quality whose presence denotes much labor over the small things of writing, but whose general effect seems like the work of genius. Possibly Henry James was thinking of this (and particularly Carlyle's definition of the word) when he declared that Mr. Harland had "mastered a method." It certainly takes no very keen observer to see that he gives unusual thought to his expression. His style is carefully exquisite; at times, as you read, you can almost feel the strain.

But Mr. Harland cannot gain his effect—that indescribable perfume or atmosphere of his—by a trick of style alone. It is done by his treatment of people and Nature as well; and here, though he gains in general effect, he loses in distinctness. All his landscapes, for instance, we see through a kind of golden haze; and were it not for the names, it would be hard to distinguish the sunny isle of Sampaola from the seaside Craford in old England. He takes Nature in her lazy, sensuous moods; a riot of flower-colors and a medley of bird-notes play hide and seek through his pages. You scent the perfume of roses, but miss the smell of the good brown earth.

It is the same way with his people, who, in the last analysis, are little more than pretty puppets, in whose mouths go pretty words. Their conversation—that key to individuality—is everywhere alike; from the gay and enthusiastic Susanna to the alleged-to-be phlegmatic Anthony ("apathetic" is what Adrian, with actual

seriousness, called him) they all talk with the liquid sentences and the carefully chosen words of Henry Harland's delicate vocabulary. Adrian is the single exception—and on his nimble tongue Harland lets loose all the hyperbole that is in him. I think he had great joy in creating Adrian. Words must have been getting away with him, and if repression were necessary with the others, here was a safe outlet. For many readers' taste he may have used the outlet a bit too frequently; Adrian with his laborsome light jests and his carefully annotated whimsicalities may prove a terrible bore. But even they will appreciate him at times; for who could help crying with Susanna, at the end of his Ave Maria: "What a divinely beautiful idea"? The picture he paints of Our Blessed Lady sitting in the garden among her lilies is so simple, and yet so inexpressibly deep and tender! It, and the description of Anthony and Susanna at "the hidden sweetness of the Mass," are worth the rest of the book together. If it were filled with passages like these, its place in literature might be assured.

There is one great weakness that must be mentioned. In "thinking out his form" has Henry Harland trodden down a rut? What is there that we have said of "The Lady Paramount" (or can say) that will not fit as well to "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box"—its prototype in plot, people, surroundings and atmosphere? Can Mr. Harland write forever of English-bred Italian noblewomen, and of love that by no chance fails to run smoothly?

S. S.

A GIRL OF VIRGINIA. By Lucy Meacham Thruston. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

A GIRL of Virginia" is one of those clean, wholesome, unintrospective stories that have been rather driven from the field of late. The plot is of the slightest, the action almost non-existent, the character-drawing just barely sufficient to carry the tale. On the other hand, Miss Thruston is no pretender to a knowledge of southern types and southern character. Every touch is true and

sympathetic, and she handles her local color with a sure hand that is always discreet and well under control.

The story is of life in the University of Virginia, or, rather, so much of it as falls within the ken of the five people who comprise the speaking characters of the book. There is no "problem" involved unless it is that of the persistence of type among southern girls and the difficulty of adjusting to this the mental attitude of the North, or rather in this particular instance, the Northwest.

The story runs easily along with neither hero nor villain: the heroine is a sweet and healthy girl, though by no means typically Virginian, the foil—an old darky mammy of the ante-bellum type—true to the very letter. It is well written in good straightforward English—barring the singular introduction of the verb "glimpsed" on almost every alternate page. It is on the whole a healthy, sane, clean, and eminently readable book.

R. A. C.

ABROAD WITH THE JIMMIES. By Lilian Bell (Mrs. Arthur Hoyt Bogue). L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THIS is a clever journal of a European trip. As a rule, the cleverness is well-managed; but, as in all such schemes, when the very life of the book depends on bright, pithy little sayings or droll situations, the idea is frequently overworked, resulting in forced fun or unoriginality.

We opine indeed that, notwithstanding the writer's ready wit, she is at her best in more serious moods. Her descriptions of Count and Countess Tolstoi, the large dreamer and the would-be woman of fashion in their home near Moscow, of the journey through the subterranean lake at Salzburg, of the emotional climax wrought in her by the Passion Play of Oberammergau, are all individual and excellent. Take this passage:

"I wish I thought these people were really Tyrolese peasants, wood-carvers and potters, and that all this agony was only a play. I hate the women who are weeping all around me. I hate the men who let the tears run down their cheeks,

and whose shoulders heave with their sobbs. . . . But no, it is all true. It is taking place now. I am one of the women at the foot of the cross." Here the writer's intensity has made her creative: her imagination, after a severe contest with fact, wins at last; she really becomes one of the women at the foot of the cross, and we believe it.

Most of the pages are, however, in the light and chatty vein. Miss Bell has acquired perfectly the French art of *causer*, and darts from subject to subject as prettily and naturally as a bird from limb to limb. The book is therefore full of variety, and we can recommend it with warmth to all American occupants of the foreign railway-cushion or steamer-chair.

C. N.

THE THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S. *By Reginald Wright Kauffman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

MR. Kauffman is wondrously expert in the art of drawing a scoundrel. His Newtons, Fealys, Touts, Elridges, have the real crow-head, shifting eyes, shuffling step, whining, uncomfortable manner of the jail-fancy; they are very strongly outlined and fleshed; they bark at us, cringe to us, brush by us with a predatory naturalness so surprising, so convincing, that we involuntarily clutch our pocketbooks and keep our "peelers out" for some one to aid us, in case of unexpected jewelry demands and sandbagging. There is no petty idealism in the delineation of these gentry, no romance-coquetry, no artificial phrasing in their everyday speech and behavior: they are the "real thing," the shorn tribe of Jailshire; they know their pretty business from "grafting" to "gopher-work" (opening safes); in brief, they are skilled hands, not dilettanti. We think Mr. Kauffman must be a very good man, for, by the Lord Harry, he knows how to draw a bad one!

The writer has a social purpose in view, this problem of the branded ex-convict, who, in spite of hearty repentance and the severest expiation for his misdeed, in spite of indwelling virtues of a high order and the most complete submission to the

laws of proper conduct, is ostracized and scorned by the world: and this problem the author images in John Haig, whose struggles and adversities would, like as not, move us to a profound fellow-feeling and grief were these emotions not combated by the frequent unreality, the irritating mistiness of the man himself. It is, we know, always a nice question just how far a novelist may proceed with his universal idea that he wishes a certain character to express, without endangering the lifelike color of that character; and in this case we fear that the author's purpose has a trifle transgressed and given John Haig a rather blurred effect, felicitously comparable to that of Daniel Deronda, the over-symbolized hero of George Eliot's most symbolic novel. The other leading persons in this drama—the prating bishop, the gentleman-boss, the dingy reporter, all—except the impossible heroine—are depicted more clearly than the hero; but the flood-water mark of Mr. Kauffman's talent lies in his sketching of the professional cheats and convicts.

"The Things that Are Caesar's" is good, robust work, somewhat "in the raw," but stronger than any chance score of books that may be on the shelf beside it. The style, however, is often so immature and graceless, the love-making so callow and collegiate, the end is so unsatisfactory, that we are easily minded to do scant justice to the unquestionable weight of some of the dramatic clashes, to the terribly vivid description of defeated men and their haunts, and the air of manly sympathy throughout. This writer has made errors, but there is nothing cheap or counterfeit in his work. Whatever he gives us is genuine and redolent of coming power and success.

J. S. D.

THE GATE OF THE KISS. *A Romance in the Days of Hezekiah, King of Judah. By John W. Harding. Illustrated by George Varian. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

ACCORDING to Buffon, *le style c'est l'homme*. Yet the style of Mr. Harding's latest story, despite its general excellence, is quite without dis-

tion of personality. Save for a certain undue tendency to make use of foreign expressions and unusual words of Greek derivation instead of their Anglo-Saxon equivalents, there is no fault to be found with the cloak in which the tale is given to the world—but where is the man beneath the cloak? In this instance Buffon's definition seems at fault; the book might have been written by any one of the large number of latter-day novelists who possess all the qualifications of the writer save that of personality, without which the rest sink into insignificance. In other words, "The Gate of the Kiss" belongs to that appallingly large class of books which, read or unread, make absolutely no difference. Yet despite this fact, the story is a fairly good one, excellently adapted to the whiling away of idle hours, if the reader but be content to suspend for the nonce the standards of historical fiction derived from Scott, Kingsley, Sienkiewicz, and Schoeffel.

The story opens in Jerusalem during the reign of Hezekiah, at the moment preceding the unfortunate struggle with the Assyrians under Sennacherib, in whose city of Nineveh the solution of the tragedy is finally reached. The chief characters of the book are three: Naph-tali, a young poet and minstrel of noble birth and pupil of Isaiah; Miraone, a beautiful siren in the pay of the Assyrian party; and the latter's servant, Vashti, who later suffers metamorphosis into the singer's attendant. Betrayed by the kisses of Miraone into revealing the plans of the water-works of Jerusalem, the poet, who is of giant size and strength, lives but for the accomplishment of vengeance on the woman whom he in vain seeks to pluck from his heart and whom eventually he stabs as she sits enthroned beside Sennacherib.

Such, in brief, is the theme of the book—a theme too slight for the building of a novel unless interwoven with other subordinate and ancillary themes. In consequence, the story does not rise above the dignity of a tale. Even as such, however, it leaves much to be desired. Where is the vividness of character conception, the belief on the author's part in the creations of his imagination which inspires

the reader with a like belief? Where the carefully wrought out picture of the period of the narrative which rescues the novels of Ebers from fatuity, and renders them valuable contributions to historical literature? In short, where is the knowledge and redundant familiarity with the subject in hand which alone can render historical fiction worthy of our attention? None of these things are here. In their stead we find facility of expression, picturesqueness of language, and inventiveness sufficient in degree to hold our attention. In order, however, fully to realize the unimportance of stories of this order it is only necessary to recall the existence of Charles Reade's masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth."

J. F.

IOLAUS: An Anthology of Friendship.
By Edward Carpenter. Charles E.
Goodspeed. \$1.75, net.

ALTHOUGH a scholarly work, this book does not demand culture on the reader's part as an essential to its understanding.

One thing, however, is indispensable—namely, an open, unprejudiced mind. Without this the book is but a storehouse of impurities garnered from the literature of the ages. But to the man of mental liberality and historic instinct it is that which it was intended to be: a commentary on present-day civilization in the light of the past, with suggested means of betterment through the elevation of the institution of friendship to a position similar to that held formerly.

The anthology consists of extracts, in verse and prose, from classical, mediæval, and modern writers, together with a few from Eastern sources, on the subject of friendship between man and man, joined together by such comment on the editor's part as serves to lend the whole organic unity. Nearly half the book is devoted to consideration of the view of the Greeks and Romans, more especially of the former, whose friendships were characterized by an avowed element of romance, for which Christian polity provides no recognized place. Mr. Carpenter, who is an ardent admirer of Walt Whitman and a

poet of the same school, faces this delicate question with admirable frankness and taste, and he refuses countenance to the view that such relations were incapable of resting on an intellectual and spiritual basis alone. Modern society looks with disfavor upon the admixture of romance into friendship between men, and the inevitable result is a weakening of the tie. Suggested by the compiler of the book under consideration is the question whether, through the reinjection in part of the ancient element into friendships between members of the same sex, we shall not find a check to the commercialism and selfishness of the age. To which we may add: may we not also find therein a wholesome check to the undue domination of feminine standards to which the Anglo-Saxon world has long submitted? As a potential power, friendship is the equal of so-called love, although it has long since fallen from its high position in general estimation, as proved by the fact that but few intimate friendships survive unweakened the marriage of either party. Whether this can be, or should be otherwise, is a difficult question, love and friendship being rivals of nature; certainly, however, it cannot be denied that there is a stable element in friendship lacking, on the whole, in love. For the prologomena to the subject we need go no further than the present volume.

Despite the avowed and unavoidable incompleteness of the anthology, it is surprising that the compiler should have omitted mention of the pact which bound together Ludwig the Bavarian and Friedrich of Austria, and which made possible the peaceful sharing of a throne. Also, in connection with the legend of Damon and Pythias, Schiller's beautiful ballad, "Die Burgschaft," deserves citation.

W. W. W.

THE DEAD CITY. *A Tragedy.* By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Laird & Lee, Chicago. \$1.00.

THE horror of classic tragedy was probably made endurable to those for whom it was written by the element of religious awe (a thing unexemplified in modern times) which pervaded

the whole spirit of the play and its performance. In "The Dead City" (*La Città Morta*) of d'Annunzio the horror is unrelieved from the beginning to the end of the terrifying tragedy. The very setting is unnatural: four modern people—a blind woman and her husband, a brother and a sister—are living in the ruins of the civilization that ceased with the fall of Troy. The brother trembles with his unholy love as he unearths the gold-shrouded body of the King of Men; the blind woman perceives the misery of those about her as she fingers the ashes of Cassandra.

The present translation has various awkward expressions frequently recurring—but as a whole it is good in that it conveys the breathless sense of waiting for something to happen, so marked in the original. Whether one wants to read, or to see performed, in English this kind of tragedy is a matter of individual taste. But to those who are not familiar with d'Annunzio's dramas, with his curious methods of combining the classic and the modern, and who are not afraid of being shocked, we can fully recommend this book.

J. W. H.

THE MASTER OF APPLEBY. *A Novel Tale Concerning Itself in Part with the Great Struggle in the Two Carolinas; but Chiefly with the Adventures Therein of Two Gentlemen Who Loved One and the Same Lady.* By Francis Lynde. Illustrations by T. de Thulstrup. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

WE have in this volume another story, of the "Henry Esmond" type, added to the already large collection which deals with our colonial and Revolutionary history. As the excellent sub-title indicates, however, its chief purpose is not history, but adventure; and of this it would be hard to find five hundred and eighty pages where it comes faster or in greater variety. Truly this Captain John Ireton of the Carolinas, "sometime of his Majesty's Scots Blues, and later of her Apostolic Majesty's Twenty-ninth Regiment of Hus-

sars," is a wonderful fellow! In the course of the few brief months that we know him, he is twice sore wounded by skilful swordsmen, himself being defenceless; he is set with his back to a tree to be shot, and rescued while looking down the rifle barrels; he is bound to another tree to be burned, and saved while the flames are licking his legs; he is the target for well-aimed tomahawk and pistol alike, captured half a dozen times and once led out to be hanged.

Such hairbreadth escapes, and men of "blood and iron" like their hero, are, of course, just what we are looking for in a book of this kind. We do not want a story of adventure to slump into a study of character, nor would we be troubled, while we read, with nice questions of motive or action. We want doughty men to do mighty deeds, with fair ladies for them to fight for, and the spice of mystery through it all. But we want, besides, that the men be real, and act from motives that real men can understand. However intricate and involved a plot, we must have it based on something which will stand the ordinary tests an ordinary reader will put to it. In "The Master of Appleby" we find the first requirement fulfilled. The people are real: the grim figure of Ephraim Yates, with his terrible Scriptural wrath and his still more terrible rifle-aim; the noble, boyish lover, Richard Jennifer; the miserly "trimmer," Gilbert Stair; the little, sable-clad pettifogger, Owen Pengarvin; even that black-as-he-could-be-painted villain Sir Francis Falconnet, are convincing characters. But the plot, unfortunately, is based on an action that is as inexplicable as it was, under the circumstances, unnecessary—the marriage, which took place in the first part of the story, between Captain Ireton and a Tory lady whose father had wronged him, Margery Stair. Forced into a position where the brutal Colonel Tarleton called her his mistress, Captain Ireton claimed Margery as his wife. To relieve her from a temporary embarrassment (for the ugly imputation had not reason enough behind it to live longer than a breath) Captain Ireton told a lie which, unless he could make it good, only put the lady in a still uglier

light. A man of years, honor, and discretion, he did this foolish thing though he believed her as good as betrothed to his dearest friend. Scarcely less remarkable is the resulting action of Margery, who, in spite of courage and independence unusual for a woman, allowed herself to be united to the man she loved under circumstances which estranged them at once.

Criticisms like these might, in some cases, be mere carping; but in a book of adventure, pure and simple, we cannot pass by a defect in plot with just a word. In such a tale, plot is more than a mere vehicle; it is the skeleton on which hang the living flesh and blood of the story, and with a part set wrong, the whole body is maimed. In "The Master of Appleby" the tale hinges on the incident we have discussed.

Once you have got over this weak spot, however, the story is wholly effective. Granted that the main situation is not forced, you have very little to question in a delightful and certainly exciting tale. There is, moreover, something real and vital in the manner of telling that puts life into the narrative, and this in spite of the quaint, slow diction made necessary by the autobiographical style. Mr. Lynde phrases, not consciously, but with perfect naturalness, and always with perfect aptness. He phrases, too, with unexpected brevity, yet never out of tune with the somewhat grandiloquent language of the period.

S. L. S.

WILD ROSES OF CALIFORNIA. *Verse.* By Grace Hibbard. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1.00, net.

JUNK. *A Book to Stagger Sorrow. Verse.* By Leon Lempert, Jr. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston.

LITERATURE AND DOGMA. By Matthew Arnold, D.C.L. New Amsterdam Book Co., New York.

A CHILD OF THE FLOOD; or, A Mother's Prayer. *A Story for Boys and Girls.* By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. H. L. Kilsner & Co., Philadelphia.

MY DOGS IN THE NORTHLAND. By Eger-ton R. Young. *A Book for Every Animal Lover.* Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.25, net.

